

The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

SONNET.

We weary at the measure of our task
More than in doing, and the visioned length
Of our great journey more consumes the strength
Than the one step by step the moments ask.
One pulse is all of life, one second's beat
The utmost impact of eternity;
The insistent drop gives all the tidal sea,
The immanent ray the whole sun's conquering heat.
Great triumphs are the work of each great blow
Struck now—and now, th' exhaustless repetend
Of Power's unit, that involves no end
Because it is eternal in its now!
Move only this next atom by thy hand
And the great world shall swing at thy command.
GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord is in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept.

WM. COWPER.

SONG OF THE BELL.

BELL! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!
Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!
Say? how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings
Thou dost feel them all!
God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER XV.

RACHEL'S STORY.

RACHEL, having carefully set the house in order, so that the eyes of Mr. Ripley might not in the morning find themselves offended by evidences of the last night's revel, returned to her little friends in the garret.

The rain still sounded on the roof, and a great beam, rather than flash, of lightning illumined all the wide room as she entered. Janey was fast asleep, and, having passed her hand tenderly along the monstrous head with its short clipt hair, and little peaked face, crossed the room softly, parted the curtains, and was in her own little chamber. The candle still burned, but very dimly, for even a tallow candle has its requirements, and gives back better light when it is set in a candlestick, and trimmed and tended, than when stuck in a junk-bottle and left to take care of itself.

The half hour seemed very long to Theresa, as she lay there in that little chamber, wide awake, pondering upon many things, and her heart fluttering up into her mouth if a mouse but crossed the floor. She was, therefore, very glad when Rachel spoke, even though she only said:

"Are you asleep, Tressy?"

"O no!" she answered quickly, lifting her head from the pillow, and looking at Rachel who had just closed her little worn Bible, and was replacing it beside the hymn-book on the oaken chest, which served her at once for table and oratory.

There were traces of tears on her cheeks, but her face was white, and quiet almost as a stone. She seemed to have forgotten that she had spoken to Theresa, and for a minute or more remained motionless, her bare feet peeping from the folds of her night-gown, and her hands lying idly together in her lap.

"What time do you think it is?" inquired Theresa, more for the sake of saying something than from any interest in the question.

Rachel did not know—she had not thought about it, she said.

"Do you suppose it can be midnight? I hear the cocks crowing," Theresa went on.

Rachel could not tell whether or not it was midnight—she had not heard the crowing of the cocks.

"Don't you hear them now?"

Rachel listened, and answered absently, that she did not hear them.

She had taken off her filmy cap by this time, and thick masses of her bright hair fell down about her neck, and among the white folds of

her night dress, and as she sat there—her eyes reaching far away, she looked like some saint at her meditations.

"Do you think Mr. Toplow very handsome?" Theresa asked, striving, by some means, to engage her attention. She had not heard the question, and when it was repeated, said, she did not know what she thought—in truth, she had not thought of him at all.

"Then what have you thought about," asked Theresa, ingenuously.

"O my child! my dear, innocent child! I have thought of all my life—my wasted, weary life."

"Well, don't think any more now, and don't sit there alone."

"I am used to be alone," Rachel answered.

"But the candle is giving out, and besides, I want you to come."

"You want me to come?" and Rachel's face assumed an almost startled expression.

"Yes, to be sure, I have kept wide awake, waiting for you; so come, dear Rachel."

"No, child—I would rather not—I often sit here all night."

"But you shan't to-night," and Theresa put out her arms and almost dragged Rachel to the pillow.

She was trembling from head to foot, and Theresa inquired "if she were cold?"

"No, she was not cold—she could not tell why she should shake so—really it almost made her laugh."

Theresa laid her cheek softly against Rachel's, for she had felt the tears in her faltering voice all the while she spoke—and there they were, sure enough—great scalding drops—falling so thick and so fast.

Softly the young hands smoothed the hair from the forehead, and softly the young arms got themselves about the neck, drooping so low to the throbbing bosom.

"O, Tressy!" cried Rachel, "you would not touch me if you knew"—she hesitated, turned her face quite down upon her pillow, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"If I knew what?" and without waiting to be answered, Theresa went on—"yes, I would touch you Rachel, no matter what I knew," and lifting herself up a little, she rested her head on her elbow, and leaning to the white, heaving shoulder, kissed it again and again, thus telling Rachel better than words could have done, that she pitied her sorrow, whatever it was, and loved her, and longed to make her know that she loved her.

Rachel did know it, for it requires no words to make us understand that we are beloved. I am not sure, indeed, but that the knowledge of whatever is highest and best, comes to us always through intuition.

She knew it, felt it, and even the girl's asseveration to the contrary could not have made her believe that she did not love and pity her.

So when the great burden of her gratitude had had its expression, Rachel lifted her face from the pillow; for the flower beaten never so

low by the storm, will rise up again in the sunshine. Then it is one of the penalties which the beloved must pay for their love—they are no longer quite free. Whoever believes in us, and trusts us, institutes by the belief and the trust, a right over us, in some sort. Henceforward, we do not what we would, but what we must.

For a good while not a word was spoken. Rachel had never in her life had a confidant, but the long-suppressed yearning for sympathy had become a passionate longing, and if she uttered one word, she felt that her heart must pour itself all out. Love was the one great need of her gentle, reliant nature, and shut out from its very semblance so long—she was hungry, almost starving. Theresa was silent, simply because she could think of nothing to say, neither had she ever had a confidant, but she needed none. Hers was a sweet, but not a spontaneous nature—there are some flowers that shut themselves up from the very light, and she was like them. She had none of that readiness of speech that makes a companion so charming, and as for her inmost soul uttering itself to any other soul—that had never come within her experience. So between the great need of the one, and the small need of the other, the silence remained a good while unbroken; but by and by as Rachel felt the tender paddling of a hand upon her own, she could no longer restrain her impulse, and began to speak of this and that at random. Theresa did little more than listen, but she listened so sympathetically that it was all that was required.

Rachel told her in the first place all about coming to live with her good uncle Is'rl, and then she talked a great deal in his praise, bringing out all the fine qualities which she feared. Theresa might never have seen or thought about, as indeed she had not. She said not a word of the good qualities of her aunt Lydia—doubtless feeling that her goodness spoke for itself.

She told all about Mrs. Toplow and her boarding-house in North Town—all about Mr. Toplow and his fine accomplishments. And all about Pitkin and his luckless star—not as idly gossiping, but sympathetically and tenderly. As, however, these persons will speak for themselves in the course of our story, her account of them need not be repeated here.

An hour passed, in harmless and various talk, light, and natural, as the singing of birds, and at the end of it, such relations as it sometimes requires years to bring about had been established between them. Trustful, harmonious; and on the part of one, at least, close on the borders of confidence.

"When you come here again," said Rachel, "you must bring your copy-book with you—will you, Tressy?"

"I don't know why?" asked Theresa, but in her heart she did know, and was pleased.

"Because," answered Rachel, "they say you have compositions in it, good enough to print in the newspapers. Isn't it true?"

"Who says so?"

"O, everybody. Mr. Ludlow for one."

"Then you know our schoolmaster, do you?"

Tressy felt Rachel's heart beat fast beneath her hand, as she answered—"I used to know him, but of late years I have not seen him much, only as it happened"—and then she talked about the copy-book again.

"You may see it some time," Theresa replied, "though there is nothing in it worth showing. Mr. Ludlow praises me to please Dorcas—that's all. But what's the matter?"

Rachel's heart was fluttering like a bird that is in the snare.

"Nothing, nothing"—then after thinking to herself, she said, "What do you write about, Tressy?" Not about folks and things in this country, I suppose? You must have people of quality, and fine houses, and grand parks to make books, musn't you?"

"I only try to write what I know about," said Theresa, and I find it hard enough to make others see what I have seen myself a great many times. I don't know how real writers do."

"Do you think," Rachel said, after a time, her hand nervously twitching, "do you think anybody would care to read a story about a common woman, like me, for instance?"

"I am sure I should," replied Tressy, "because I could understand it all."

Thus encouraged, Rachel said, stroking the cheek of her listener: "I know some facts about a young woman (one that you never saw) and about a young man, that you never saw either, that I have sometimes thought would make a story, if they were written out—a very sad story." She hesitated, and then added, "may be when you come to write stories for the papers you could take this that I know to build one out of; may be, though, it wouldn't be good enough."

"O yes it would!" cried Tressy, eagerly, adding in a lower and sadder tone—"I don't suppose I shall ever write a story to print, but I want to hear it, for all that." And then more gaily, "Come, my ears are open just as wide as my eyes!" And taking Rachel's hand in hers she passed it across her eyes, that she herself might feel how wide open they were.

Rachel said (Heaven forgive her) that she did not know as she could remember all the story; it had been a good while since she heard it—that it was not much of a story—nothing, she was sure, when she came to think of it, that would ever do to be written for the paper.

Theresa was importunate, however—and Rachel related in substance the following. Her precise words have not at all times been retained:

"Once there was a poor girl, who had neither mother nor father, both had died when she was very young; about her father, she could remember perfectly, but of the mother who died earlier, very little—such memories as she had, however, were extremely vivid. For instance, in her mind, she had always a picture of her pale and sick, propped up in bed with pillows, and with dim eyes stitching the sleeve of a shirt.

Always, whenever she thought of it, she could see how the red spots looked in her cheeks on that day, and the very way her cap slipped from her head and hung over her shoulder by the strings. She could remember how often she had picked up the thimble which would not stay on any more; and how hot the hands felt when she touched them. She remembered, too, thinking that day, that mother was going to get well; and with what a light heart she skipped away to pay a visit to the bee-hive, that stood in the corner of the garden. She could remember another day, too, a hot, suffocating day, when the doors stood wide, and the bed in the middle of the room, and when the neighbors went and came—one or more being with them all the time, till about sunset, when they were all obliged to go away—for they were poor, hard-working people and must be home at that hour, so that it came about, that she herself was left at the bedside alone; her sister—she had one

sister a good deal older than herself—having gone out to milk the cow.

The face looked so white on the pillow, and the hands lay so motionless, the little girl was afraid. "Mother," she cried, but there was no answer—she had never before spoken that name without receiving one—and, Rachel stopped abruptly, broke quite down, and said directly in faltering tones: "I think, Tressy—I can't go on with the story, unless I tell this part of it, as it that little girl had been me, as if it had been my mother who was dying."

Theresa encouraged her to tell the story in her own way, and she went on, sobbing sometimes between the words.

"Well, then, I will say, I was that little girl, that I was afraid when I had called my mother and she made no answer; she was smiling just as she always did, only somehow the smile seemed to have in it more peace than I had ever seen there, and slipping close I touched her face. It was cold as ice—she was dead."

When Rachel had said a few words concerning the funeral, and proceeded to talk of matters less sacred, the story was shifted to the third person again.

She told how these poor orphans; the one being old enough to do the house-work, continued to live with their father in a wretched and impoverished way, and how he soon lost the little thrift and industry which their mother had formerly kept alive in him—how he took to drinking and other bad habits—stayed away from home all day, and all night sometimes; and how the children lived in a state of perpetual anxiety and terror."

"One of the watches, many of which they kept for him, the young woman"—said Rachel—"has often told me about. The day had been bitter cold, and the night was clear and bright as an icicle. They kept the fire blazing, as long as there was any wood to burn, but a few sticks could not last all night, nor but a short part of it—the flame flickered, and fell and died—the winds blew down the chimney and drove the cold ashes about the hearth—the stiff branches rattled on the wall outside; and the dead leaves, that whirled past the door, made them fear some murderer was coming. At last they were afraid to speak aloud, and cowered over the dying fire, or stood at the window, pressing their faces against the pane, and looking along the blue turnpike, where the frost glistened in the moonlight, without saying a single word.

The hours dragged by, one after another—twelve o'clock came—one—two—and the younger of the two sunk on the floor and fell asleep, her bare feet in the ashes, and her cheeks wet with tears.

"Father's coming!" was the cry that wakened her—they hurried to the window, threw up the sash, and looked out. Nobody was to be seen, but they could distinctly hear the hoofs of a horse, striking sharp and clear on the stones of the turnpike—it must be he—who else would it be, out so late? then came a rumbling noise—he was coming over the bridge in the hollow close by—they were not afraid any more—they would run out together and open the gate—they never felt the frozen clods beneath their feet—it was their father sure enough—they could see the white face of the chestnut horse, they knew so well, coming up the hill—then his long white legs. O how glad they were—and throwing open the gate they ran out into the middle of the road, calling first one, and then the other—father! father! No answer

but then he was likely to be cross, or sullen. Nearer and nearer came the horse; and the two girls, the wind tumbling their hair and tossing their thin frocks, bent forward, straining their eyes to see. No father was there—at least, not in the saddle—but why should the horse walk so slowly and carefully, and what was that dragging at his heels, which he turned back his head to watch! They knew all too soon—poor children—their father in a drunken fit had frozen to death as he rode between the tavern and his house, and by the foot caught in the stirrup as he fell, had been dragged along. And there he was—his hair matted with blood, and mouth and hands full of dust, lying before the faces of his children in the grey light of the morning, making them even more afraid of him in death than they had been in life.

Pausing at this point, Rachel said it must be a terrible thing to have a drunken father, and to have him die as this man had died.

It must be dreadful to have had such an example, dreadful to inherit shame and disgrace, that all the water in the world never can wash out.

"Those who have no taint in their blood"—she went on, and who are brought up in the way they should go, ought to be charitable to those who are sinners by nature, and who have never been preached to, nor prayed for in all their lives, except in the way of denunciation. And yet some men seem to think it their duty to take God's work out of his hands, as if they feared he might so cool the coals of fire in the sinner's bosom that they would not burn.

"But you forget the story!" said Theresa.

"O yes, where was I? Well, soon after the father was laid away, with a little rough stone at his head and another at his feet, the two sisters were separated, never, never to be united again in this world—perhaps not in another; for one of them got religion and joined the church, and the other became worldly and wicked.

They were separated and each went her own way to work for herself, and earn her living as best she could. The older of the two was successful in whatever she undertook, and had always a good place and high wages, so that she gradually got to feel herself above the younger sister, who had hard work to get a place at any price; and finally marrying a well to do farmer she ceased to make any concealment of her indifference.

The new prosperity seemed to blind her to all the dark times that were past, and the poor little sister that had worked with her so many days—watched with her in sorrow so often, and slept on the same pillow so many nights, was never looked after, and never thought about.

Nobody kept her long, poor child, and yet it did not seem so much her fault as her misfortune.

She was not, in the first place, strong and courageous like the other sister—she could not shoulder off the hard looks and hard words of the morning, put on her best and dance at the quilting, or the apple-cutting in the evening—she was much more likely to steal away in the moonlight when the work was done, and think over the hardships and hopelessness of her lot. She knew she had no right to be sensitive, but her mother had been so before her—like your Aunt Ripley, child, whose tears I have seen falling many a time, till the sewing work, or the knitting work in her hand was wringing wet.

"It seemed to her indeed that she could not

help being just what she was, but may be in this she deceived herself.

"There was, however, one respect in which the younger had the advantage of the elder sister—she was called prettier—perhaps most people would think she was so, but I never did."

"Then you knew these young women well?" interrupted Theresa.

O yes, Rachel knew them well, one of them, certainly, as well as she did herself—in fact, the person and fortunes of the one she knew best had in some sort resembled her own. "But you must not judge of her beauty by the way I look now!" she entreated. "I don't look a bit as she did when she was young; her eyes, everybody said, were full of love and trust, and bright as two morning glories in the dew, and mine are not like that, you know; they are sad, and dim, and distrustful, I am afraid, sometimes—but why they should have that last look I cannot tell—not from anything in my experience."

O no, the young woman didn't look at all as she did then, Rachel said, it was of when she was fifteen or sixteen, that she was thinking mostly. Her complexion was then like a rose-leaf in tint and softness, and her hair so abundant it lay along her forehead as if it were combed over a cushion. She used to wear it in a single knot at the back of her head, and sometimes in the season of flowers she would make a simple wreath and wear it of an evening. Of course Rachel did not look as this young girl did, how could she? with her weary workday face, and faded hair and smile.

"Go on, go on!" says Theresa.

But Rachel could not go on until she had said she was sorry she had in any way compared the young woman she was talking of to herself—in fact, she knew on reflection that there was very little, if any resemblance between them. She hoped Tressy would not confound the young woman with herself, and she could not rest satisfied till she had asked outright whether or not the story reminded her of anybody she had ever seen.

"O no," Tressy said, it didn't remind her of anybody she had ever seen, but all the while she couldn't help confounding the young woman of whom Rachel talked with Rachel herself.

(To be continued.)

SAVED.

BY THERESA M. KITCHEL.

In one of the beautiful cities which dot the Peninsular State lives my heroine; not one of airy shape, mere fancy of the brain, but a reality. While engaged as teacher in this city it was my good fortune to form her acquaintance and a warm friendship sprang up between us. The links are bright to-day.

Springing from a family of *genius*, near akin to one, whose name is a household word, whose brave words and deeds have blessed thousands of homes as they brightened the printed page, around which the family circle gathered to listen and love.

Being a *genius* herself, treading the common and higher walks of life, may not her experience strengthen some almost shipwrecked sister, stranded among the quick-sands of evil, tempted in like manner, yet without sin?

Let us turn backward time's leaves for one decade and see what is inscribed thereon. In the

spring of 1860, a new minister came to the city of A—, and took possession of the parsonage. His mission was to look after the spiritual needs of Christ's followers—to break the bread of life from the pulpit recently made vacant by the death of its beloved pastor. The latter, Father Mosier, had dwelt long among the flock which was just now without an earthly shepherd. By deeds which alone reach the heart and lift it up into a charitable atmosphere had he won a sacred place in the memory of his people. He was revered and loved by all. There are a few such noble men filling this calling scattered along the more stern and rugged of life's ways. They are as Redeemers standing between the inner and the outer world, keeping at bay the unwholesome belief of "total depravity." But time, the great innovator, places in the foot-prints of loved ones the strangers feet.

Rev. Mr. Dernam had been selected at the General Conference to fill this vacancy. Let us glance at him. Possessed of more than ordinary ability, of a certain tact and shrewdness which had stood by him not only financially, in driving sharp bargains, but which could be called into use in emergencies he could extricate himself from almost any tangled web.

Nature had bestowed prepossessing features and a fine address. The phrenological bump of self-esteem had developed into a consciousness, not of faith, but knowledge of a certain power and influence he could wield over the minds of others. With a satisfied expression and assurance, he said, "I will win my way to the hearts of this people."

In the external, the advantages seemed to drift towards his present calling. But from whence came this call? Was it from Gabriel reaching him, adown the shining corridors of eternity? It may be so. Yet doubts obscure the horoscope of my mental vision as I try to peer into the beyond, and solve the "eternal fitness" of things.

The good people of A—, and among them Mrs. Goodner, the widowed mother of my friend Evelene—did all in their power to welcome and make a home for the new minister. His lot was cast among them and should it not prove to be one cast in pleasant places. Mrs. Goodner was one of those whose earnest, stirring life is a constant rebuke to the easy fashionables who certainly are no useful ornament to society. Deprived by death of the strong arm, left to battle alone with untoward circumstances; fettered by the law in settling up the estate, a property, the husband supposed to be an ample support, but which fell far short of it, with four children, the eldest only fourteen, what was to be done but a large amount both of head and hand-work? This the brave woman resolved to do, overcoming and surmounting every difficulty; but—alas! she little dreamed of the roughness of this unexplored high-road. None save those who have walked over the thorns know all their sharpness.

Her daughter, Evelene, a child of rare abilities, possessing a mature judgment far beyond her years, was a source of comfort and hope. Beautiful she was, dark curls brushed back from a high, fair brow; eyes, black, sparkling ones, which you love to look deep into. Innocently the soul peered out of those soft fringed windows, and you quickly learn to love the frank, affectionate child. Another saw and knew her; and resolved from the very first to win her as a victim. Strange but true, he resolved to conquer, though years lay between him and his would be prey.

We shudder as we think how could any but a

fiend incarnate plan the destruction of so much innocence? And who should that one be but the wolf in sheep's wool who had come to dwell among them!

True he had a wife and one prattling babe, but did this quench the fires within, lighted as they must have been by that sulphurous flame which occasionally he dealt out to his listening congregation? There was another shading to the picture. In the back ground of his plans stood that strong-minded and consequently far-seeing mother.

He must ingratiate himself into her favor. He must win her confidence, this would pave the way to the daughter's heart. He was assured of success, he had never failed, why should he now, but how soon was the only question for solution? Time would solve the problem.

The mother, too, was beautiful, was an enviable mark for him, but he had no hope there. Neither pinching poverty nor want, like a dark cloud, hung over her horizon. Ah! how well the skilled libertine knows how and where to spread his nets. Beside, she had been educated to a trade, a profession which now in the hour of need was to her a safe-guard and support. Men see and realize this strong barricade raised against the tempter's wiles. When will women wake to a realization of the same truth?

How many of the trusting, dependent, helpless women must be sacrificed? Thank God; the number grows daily less as the dawn approaches.

Another leaf is turned.

Peep into that quiet study at the parsonage, its occupant sits musingly in slippers and gown, intent upon a future pian.

His Sunday sermon is written, corrected and laid upon the shelf for 10 o'clock appointment, two days ahead of time. A beautiful form has just closed the gate; his eyes watch the retreating footsteps, from the open door, he sees her cross the street and disappear around the square. It was Evelene Goodner, she was just home from school. Had come out of her way to leave a note from a poor woman requesting the "good minister" to come and pray with her husband, who was very ill and she feared he would die in his sins. Yes, he would go immediately and on his way back would call at sister Goodner's. He mused thus, "all women have their weak points consequently Mrs. G— had hers, what was it? It must be her pride in her children. That was the vulnerable point."

Mothers love to hear their children praised, their good qualities noticed, which often mothers know they possess. The same evening the door bell rang, and Mr. Dernam entered; he had often called, but this time he had made it a specialty. After a few casual remarks, one of which was the great attachment the people, both in and out of the church, cherished for their former pastor;

"Yes," replied Mrs. Goodner, "we all loved him; a crown beset with jewels of good deeds must be his blessed inheritance."

"Such a one as the faithful may all hope some day to wear," replied the pious brother.

"Our lives alone will decide that; each must bear the scars sin has wrought upon the inner life; its fairness will retain the marring; the wounds may heal, but the prints be left." Her soul spoke in these few words and showed the deep set principles by which her life was shaped.

"Yes, but do you not forget the atonement? You know it is the only sure foundation upon which to rest our faith;" evidently measuring

the length of rope which tethered him to his final salvation. Breaking the pause which followed he said: "Your daughter is to be baptized two weeks from Sabbath?"

"If she prefers to be," replied the mother, thoughtfully. "I consider her young, and feel that too much outside influence has already been brought to bear upon her during this protracted revival."

This was unexpected. Should he censure her for a lack of faith, and warn her to flee more closely to the fountain? or would it not be better to hold up the daughter's mature judgment in choosing for herself, if such a thing were possible, amid the undue religious excitement of the last month?

"Sister Goodner, I feel that Evelene is already a chosen one of God's saving grace—a lamb of Christ's flock; so pure, so gentle, so intelligent, so everything we are apt to love. She is a treasure to you, and will be an instrument of saving many others; she now exerts a great influence over all her mates. I have felt for a long time that the unusual success of the Sabbath School was owing much to her earnestness and power in drawing her classmates into it. Think not that she is too young. "Shall not babes be made to show forth the wisdom of God?" Thus he extolled her good qualities, and furtively watched the effect upon his quiet listener.

It was not as effectual as he had flattered himself it would be. With a short prayer he bade her "good-night."

Not long after this call, meeting Evelene upon the walk at an early hour, with a small basket in one hand and twirling her hat in the other, he accosted her thus: "Which way, so early, my lamb?" "O, to the wild rose bushes way down by the creek yonder. I want some for my teacher; she is so kind and loves flowers dearly. She says the wild roses and blue violets growing among the sweet grasses are God's own planting." "I am going that way for a walk; we will go together. Let me carry your basket, my dear."

"No, sir; ma teaches me to wait on myself."

"O, you are too independent."

"Am I? I never thought of that; you will forgive me?"

"Yes. You know that I am your spiritual friend, Evelene. Did you not love Father Mosier?"

"O, yes," and her tones saddened as she thought of that good man, "he was a real father to everybody."

"Can you not love me just as well, dear Evelene?"

Her eyes opened wide; wonderingly she looked upon him. "Love him just as well." Love him as well as she did Father Mosier, with his silver hair, and whose very smile was a benediction?

He had gone too far, he must retreat. "O, no, you do not understand me; I ask you to love me as your pastor—one who has led you to Christ through baptism, who prays for you every day, who takes pride in your goodness, and who feels that you are to be a shining light in the world."

"I hope to be," was her modest reply.

He continued: "I never had so fair a lamb in my flock before; I must take good care of you, those curls and bright eyes are worth my watching. Sit down on this mound while I gather those high ones for you."

"No, thank you, I will climb the fence and get them myself; my teacher will love them better, if I pick them all."

"How often will you gather these, my dear?" "Once a week, just as long as I can." "Well, I often come this way to take my morning walk, and I will be company for you."

After arranging them nicely, she took the short route, across the field, homeward. He watched her; to him she was a little novice, quite unlike any he had known before—she cared so little for his flattery. It was music, in the ears of young girls especially. He would saunter this way in his morning strolls; no opportunity should pass unimproved. And so he did. The unsuspecting girl was often queried, "Do you love me now?"

Her unstudied answer, "She did not know!" Many times on her way to school would he overtake her and never fail to pour into her young ears words of praise mingled with his religious counsels.

Two years and a-half had passed since his advent among them. Some reports had been spread abroad by busy tongues that his good name was not as spotless as it should be. Yet the cloak he wore was a broad one and covered a multitude of sins.

Not like the seamless garment of the loving Master whom he professed to follow, but full of unseemly rents through which the angels could look upon the foulness beneath and weep.

Evelene had bloomed into womanhood, tender and loving. One year had been spent at a neighboring college, and now, after a vacation of two months, she was to return. The Pastor made his appearance, he was pleased to see her, she had grown so tall in one year; could he call her his "pet" any more? She treated him with gentleness and a true civility.

The girlish indifference had rounded into a noble bearing; she was indeed beautiful, and her heart bespoke that inward beauty which excels all other; the trusting childlikeness had charmingly given place to a graceful self-trust developed from within.

After an hour past in conversation Mr. Dernam rose to depart, saying that he was going away to remain a fortnight or more, but he hoped, on his return, to see her and he would like to engage a long talk before hand. He felt deeply interested in her soul's growth, she feared she might neglect its welfare.

The door closed after him; she felt relieved. His very presence created a vague shadowing forth of hidden evil, undefinable, because deeply veiled.

The next morning witnessed the Pastor's departure on the first train; and now the plot, demon like in its planning! He was well convinced that flattery was of no avail. He could not win her an inch on that line. Evelene was too high-toned, too sensible, to be reached by that.

What then? He would follow Iscariot's plan, whose twin brother he was: under the guise of friendship he would betray the innocent. He would fabricate a foul slander, commit it to paper and send it to her.

On his return he would be her greatest friend and sympathizer in this trying hour of affliction. It would fall upon her unsuspecting head like a thunderbolt. Would she confide this to her mother? No, she would not ask her to drink the bitter draught, hoping it might pass over. She would lock it within her own heart. Shall we give the letter with its seal of hell upon it? Extracts will suffice.

MY DEAR EVELENE: During my stay in this city, the seat of the University where you have passed one year, what could pain my heart so terribly as to hear what I have about yourself?

My Pet Lamb, the one I thought all purity and virtue that, alas, is lost, given to the deceiver; turned adrift, now in the downward path!

How could I believe it? yet it was confided to me by those who know, and who hoped that I might be the one to lead you back to Christ.

Only a few are cognizant of these crushing facts. I will hush it up, and promise close secrecy till I see you.

And then, what then? time would develop the sequel.

The fiendish letter dropped from her grasp! What could it mean? What did it mean? Had she read aright? Another glance at the signature; there was no mistake.

She shuddered as only innocence of soul and purpose can, at such cruel accusations. Unconscious of a single enemy, scarce dreaming of a secret one; from whence came this, and to whom should she flee for help? The first impulse prompted her to the bosom which had first pillowed her head, but ere she reached the door the purpose failed her, for those poisoned words would sting like an adder, and why should they pierce two souls? She had no misgivings that her mother's faith was not implicit in her, but she would spare the pain just now. She would wait the Pastor's return. A week passed by, fraught with doubts, mental suffering and self-questionings. The close of the next brought Mr. Dernam, with a seared conscience, of which his heart took no note. Where was that spark of good we believe innate in every human soul? Burned to cinders by the ungoverned fires of a demon passion.

Anxiously Evelene looked for his appearance at her mother's house—he came—it was even-tide, just as the sun had disappeared beneath the western slope. Mrs. Goodner had gone to keep the night watches at the bed-side of an invalid. Alone and in deep thought sat Evelene as Mr. Dernam entered. Scarlet mantled her cheek as she bid him welcome.

She felt, for the first time, that her power of self-possession refused to assert itself. She burst into a flood of tears—lest he might mistake them for penitential ones, she rallied, seating herself on the sofa, waited for the disclosure.

Seating himself beside her, and gently drawing her hand within his own soothingly, he said: "Don't weep; don't be excited, my dear! It is the same as has befallen many before you."

"I am innocent; I know nothing about it," sobbed she.

Scarcely noticing her words he rehearsed what he had written; adding much more, such as would suit his purpose. Said that it lay within his power, whether she be guilty or not, to save or ruin her forever. If her good name was gone, it mattered little to the world whether her virtue remained or not. He declared after all this that he loved her; loved her as he had never loved another, his heart was at her feet; could she not love him half as much? It would bring heaven down to earth if she would. He could never be happy without her love, or a part of it, at least. He had long wanted an opportunity to express the adoration he felt for her. God would bless such devotion as his. He hoped some day that she might become his wedded wife, but till then would she not be his secret love? With all his love, with her good name in his power, how could she refuse him, her true friend? No, she would not be so ungrateful. Her heart was too generous. It was only a small favor on her part; it she would promise him this now, he would save her from the shame that was just ready to drop upon her. If not, the

blow must fall, and when once fallen was written against your name, it will gather rubbish on every side.

She started up, she would fain flee from the room, and the presence which seemed like death to her.

He grasped her arm: "Would she not yield to his wishes. She must; her all depended upon her decision this very hour?"

Her scruples had already been overcome, he was assured of that.

Frightened by his strange looks and words, and the strength by which he held her, she stood trembling and irresolute, thinking where-in lay safety. Then looking straight into his excited face said, "Never! never! Leave this house instantly, you demon!"

The flash of her eyes deepened the meaning of her words. There was a power in that look and tone which cowed the lustful deceiver.

Muttering and chop-fallen he left the house—the gate clicked behind him. She listened till his steps died away, and then breathed out her thanks for this deliverance.

The early and late watches of the night passed in sleepless hours to Evelene. She longed for her mother's return. Just as the darkness began to fade away, she came. Seeing the light gleaming from Evelene's window, she hastened to her room.

Evelene threw herself into her arms, and after the first wild burst of pent-up heart-aches was over she told her all.

Her mother listened in wonder, in pain and indignation.

"It was a plot of his own begetting. Thou art saved my child! saved!"

Dear reader, to-day my friend, Evelene, is the loved and loving wife of Prof. L. of the University, at which, two years later, she graduated with honor. And her heart is the home of the unfortunate, for has she not been tempted by the charmer; charming never so wisely?

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN COLORADO—THE SPIRIT MOVING.

BY MARY L. CLOUGH.

ALTHOUGH the bill for the enfranchisement of women was lost in this territory, after having the approbation of the Governor and passing the Council; it is, notwithstanding, very evident that much good was accomplished by agitating the question.

On coming to this country, not quite a year ago, I was disagreeably impressed by the general depreciation of the abilities and powers of women, when exercised outside their domestic "spheres." Indeed I found myself in a continual state of antagonism with somebody or something and always bristling in a suit of armor, waging defensive and offensive warfare everywhere.

Masculine eyes would open pretty wide to see what a "Woman's Right's woman" was really like; but I was more disconcerted by the mild horror or contemptuous sneers of the "fair sex" when Woman's Rights were mentioned than by the outspoken condemnation or ridicule of their "lords." For in the first case there was great discouragement and humiliation in asking for women what they disdained for themselves. Besides it was a weapon that our "natural enemy" wielded triumphantly, "We are willing to leave it to the women. If the majority ask it, let them have the ballot. But how many desire it?"

Now all this is changed; by continued agitation, by discussion in the legislature and free debates outside, from the practical illustration of the mixed juries of our neighbor, Wyoming, from being brought as subject of conversation to every fire-side in the land, men and women have come to look more calmly and rationally upon the movement. It is no longer so much a horror and ridicule as a matter for earnest thought and enlightenment. And when a people begin to view a matter impartially and to talk of it sensibly there is hope of their coming all right at last. Therefore, I consider all the time and eloquence expended by the legislature and all the efforts of active laborers for the right, as a decided gain to the cause of woman. I am more than ever persuaded that the Woman Suffrage movement is to be slowly but surely advanced by being kept before the people. Accustoming them to look at it in all its phases, to test its efficacy by actual experiment when they may, and by making it a matter of education; thus it becomes a sure and successful revolution matured by the advancement and needs of a people. The very fact of so many women contending against their own elevation proves this. I have known many such, after investigating the subject and forcing themselves to consider it without prejudice, to honestly confess they had been wrong and to earnestly set about putting themselves right. The trouble is, most women will not think. They have been trained to imbecility, and what they now need is the knowledge of their own powers and duties, and their relations and obligations to society and the world.

COURT FOOLS.

BY LOUISE E. FURNISS.

THE Court was in turmoil! The King, the Queen, the Lord high Fiddlestick, the very Bishops, in their gowns and lawn sleeves, and were all down on their knees, searching for it. And yet one could hardly blame the king. Who would not have thrown it into the fire? The wisest man in the kingdom was just dead. He had lived a century and a half; and he bequeathed the king the result, what you might call the sum total of his researches—written on a scrap of paper, possibly five inches long. Fancy! The king had expected nine volumes at least, and throwing it in a rage on the coals, the draft had drawn it up the chimney before it had time to burn.

But no sooner was it gone than his majesty began to wonder what the wisest man could have said. The more he thought of it, the more curious he grew. So, as I say, the whole court was in commotion, and there might have been seen the spectacle of ladies in velvet trains, judges in powdered wigs, all on their knees, groping and searching together; and, alas! in vain, for the best of all reasons:

The Court-fool had found it, and reasoned, like a wiser man on the subject.

"If it be worth so much to a crowned king, what is it not worth to a poor fool like me?" So he put it in his pocket. Not the first time that the product of a wise man's life has gone to fill a fool's pocket.

On this much-lamented paper was written a single sentence—thus: "Say that you are what you desire to be, and the world will believe you." The fool read it, and pondered.

"What is it," he asked himself, "that I desire to be? A prince, of course, and to marry

the princess! If I say that I am one, the world will believe me, or else, what is the use of being the wisest man? If I fail, I shall only be what I am already—a fool! therefore, I am a prince! and I will go marry the princess."

Now, this princess of whom the fool had spoken was, as all princesses must be, the most beautiful and hard-hearted young woman of the period. The gates of her palace were mobbed by suitors, and as many as five or six hung themselves in despair, each day, because the princess was determined to marry no one but her superior. When the fool heard that, he pondered again.

"The princess is a wise woman, and I am a fool. She is determined to find her superior. Very good, I will be her superior!"

Accordingly, when desired to wait upon the princess, in her hall of audience, he seated himself instead, saying haughtily:

"I am not certain yet that I desire to see the princess at all. The woman whom I marry must be beautiful, wise, humble, modest, witty, truthful, amiable, graceful, and madly in love with me."

Then he crossed his legs and looked up at the ceiling with such an air of indifference that the princess sent to demand who he was, concluding that he must be some great person who dared to be so uncivil, and required so many virtues and accomplishments.

"Tell her," replied the fool, "that it is of no consequence what I am or have been. A great many things are permitted a man that would be intolerable in a woman."

When the princess heard that, she was at once convinced that she had found her superior, and they were married forthwith.

The Court-fool was now the husband of a princess, and received such honors as are paid to kings; yet he was not altogether on roses. The princess was sharp-witted, and he was constantly in danger of being found out, had it not been for the wisest man's receipt. When he uttered some folly, and the princess exclaimed, "my dear!" he returned loftily, "if you had been wiser, you would have understood me better." If she was inclined to meddle in state affairs, "which is the wiser," he asked ironically, "you or I?" And as there was always danger lest she should see and hear too much, he constantly informed her that if she wished to preserve his admiration, she must know as little as possible about out of door matters, and keep herself in a sort of seclusion, so that he could always think of her as something aloof and apart from every-day people and the rabble.

So a number of years passed happily for the fool, but not so happily for the princess, who hardly dared draw a full breath, lest she should do it, like a common person, and so lose some of that admiration so hardly kept and so easily lost; and at last, she said to her husband:

"I am heartily tired of the monotony and seclusion of my life. As well be a picture on the walls at once. If you are a prince, I am a princess. I see no reason why I should not know something of what is going on outside, and when you sign the state papers, why I should not set my name there also. They concern me, as well as you."

The fool was troubled at once.

"You ought not, because it is not proper," he said. "I never meddle with your curl papers. Leave my acts and statutes alone."

"But why is it not proper?" urged the princess.

"Why, because no princess ever does such things."

"Time, then, that one commenced."

The fool was frightened, and relapsed into his folly.

"Then," said he, "as soon as you have once set your name to a state paper, you will rule instead of me. You will take my crown and robes, administer justice, and make laws, and I shall be only Court-fool, set to rock the cradle, to sew on buttons, to make paste, to stitch up seams."

When the princess heard that, she was much perplexed, and happening to meet her nurse, she told her what her husband had just been saying. The nurse burst into a violent fit of laughter. The princess drew herself up.

"My dear," said the nurse, "pray do not be offended. But does your Royal Highness consider your husband superior to yourself?"

"Consider! I know that he is;" cried the princess.

"Certainly! Of course! but how did your Royal Highness discover the fact?"

"Why, he told me so," answered the princess, hesitatingly and surprised.

"Exactly! and he tells you now, that if you set your name to certain papers, that he will become Court-fool! Then, depend upon it, my dear, that he knows himself to be that already! and that any man who declares that he will lose his manliness, resign his privileges, exchange duties, to sneak about in kitchens and nurseries, and turn fool, if his wife signs a paper, or has an opinion on state affairs, is a fool already; only he has not yet been found out."

"MASCULINE INSOLENCÉ."

UNDER this heading the Cincinnati Gazette administers wholesome rebuke to those journals that, with taunt and scoff and sneer, attempt to cover with ridicule and obloquy the brave Wyoming women who have recently sat on jury, as follows:

Now, in the name of the inalienable right of every born person to the pursuit of happiness, we have to ask: Are not these women competent to decide for themselves whether their households, their children or their husbands are of more importance than their public duties? And having the best means for deciding this question, have they not the right to decide? Who has the right to pick out the females of a jury and challenge them with the question whether they are not neglecting their households or their husbands? Who challenges a male juror and demands whether he left his family well provided, and his wife well cherished? or if, through his detention in Court, the cupboard will be bare, the wife neglected, and the children with holes in their trousers?

This is simply the crack of the familiar whip of man's absolute domination over women. It means nothing short of their complete subjection. Not to use rights is to abandon them. There are inconveniences and cares in all possessions; but who argues that therefore they should be abandoned? It would much promote the convenience of man if he would let his political rights and duties be performed by a few willing persons; but he would soon find that he had no rights left.

And what is this family impediment which is thus set up as a female disability? The family obligation is just as strong in man as in woman. It is much stronger, for the manners which compel woman to be the passive waiter on the male providence leave to him the real responsibility. Yet many men forego marriage and homes and children, and nobody imagines that it disqualifies them for public duties. Nobody challenges them as jurors, and demands if they have discharged the family obligation. Rather is it held wise in them to give themselves wholly to their pursuits, without the distraction of conjugal joys, until they have achieved success. Why should the family requirement, which man throws off so easily, be made a yoke for woman?

There is something more fundamental than nursing

babies or coddling the appetites of husbands. The sentiment, "Give me liberty or give me death," is the American instinct. Breathes there a woman with soul so dead that she would bring forth slaves? *Babes had better not be born if they are not to have their rights.* It is the duty of women to first provide the state of freedom for their progeny. Then they may consent to become wives and mothers. Liberty and the exercise of all political rights are so bound together, that to neglect one is to abandon all. Trial by a jury of one's peers is the essential principle of the administration of justice. To be a peer on a jury involves the whole principle of equal rights. To abandon this to man is to accept subjection to man.

For women to neglect jury duty is to give men the exclusive privilege to judge women, and to abandon the right to be tried by a jury of their peers. How can men justly judge a woman? They cannot have that knowledge of her peculiar physical and mental organization which is requisite to the judgment of motives and temptations. They cannot comprehend the variable moods and emotions, nor the power of her impulses. It is monstrous injustice to judge women by the same rules as men. And men lack that intuitive charity and tender sympathy which women always feel for an exposed, erring sister. Furthermore, many of the crimes of men are against women. How can men appreciate their injury? That which is her ruin, they call, as the expansive Anna Dickinson says, sowing his wild oats. How can justice be expected from those who instinctively combine to preserve their privilege to abuse women? For the administration of justice to women who are accused, and to men who have wronged women, male jurors and judges are indispensable.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER LII.

MANCHESTER, March, 1870.

EDINBURGH LEADS THE WAY.

At a meeting of the Town Council of Edinburgh, held last week, the Lord Provost presiding, the Council resolved to petition Parliament in favor of the bill to remove the disabilities of women. It is not improbable that the Mayors and Councils of other cities will follow this example. Now that women possess the municipal suffrage, the corporations will not be unmindful of the rights of their constituents.

MRS. FAWCETT'S LECTURE IN BRIGHTON.

Mrs. Fawcett, the wife of Prof. Fawcett, M.P. for Brighton, delivered a lecture on Wednesday last in the Town Hall of that city, on "The Electoral Disabilities of Women." Mrs. Fawcett enumerated and replied in detail to all the arguments usually advanced against giving the franchise to women. She contended that the claims of women rested on the same basis as those of men—the rights of the sexes must stand or fall together.

At the last great meeting of the London National Society for Women's Suffrage, held on July 17, 1869, Mrs. Fawcett moved a resolution pledging the Society to use every lawful means to obtain the extension of the franchise to women, and proposing the introduction of a bill this session. The Manchester Committee having suggested that mode of action, the Committees of London, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Bristol, and Carlisle joined in the request to Mr. Jacob Bright and Sir C. W. Dilke to bring forward the bill now before Parliament. It is therefore peculiarly appropriate that Mrs. Fawcett should again advocate the measure.

I have pleasure in informing you that a great meeting is being held to-day in London, in support of this bill. Mr. John Stuart Mill, Lord Amberley, Mr. Jacob Bright, Sir R. Anstruther and other friends of the Women's Suffrage cause are to speak.

A VALUABLE ALLY.

An important witness to the truth of the theory and practice of Equal Rights has arisen. He advocates the suffrage for women not merely on the ground of removing disabilities which are inconsistent with the principles of representative government, but as likely to afford "a positive strength to the moral life" of the country which admits women into its councils as a portion of the body politic. This new confessor is the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Cambridge, who is well known as perhaps the most profound and earnest of living theologians. He is one of the leaders of the Broad Church party—a party that unites a reverence for all that is sacred in the past with a respect for new revelations from the discoveries of science. "It teaches," says an able expounder of the phases of faith, "that the Divine Love is the great principle of the divine government, and will be triumphant hereafter over sin and evil—that the abyss of love is deeper than the abyss of death. It teaches that human souls—even the poorest, narrowest souls—are all of infinite value, loved by God and to be valued by men. It teaches a morality not appealing to hope of reward, or fear of punishment, but founded on pure love of God and goodness, and it nobly rebukes the 'other worldiness' which transforms virtue into interest. In no party of christians does religion assume a healthier type; in none has morality tended to produce so noble a philanthropy. The Broad Church labors to elevate men *as men*, improving their sanitary and social conditions, educating them to think for themselves, even on the highest topics, and so leading them up to religion. Spiritual, large-hearted, with purest ethics and devoted lives, the Broad Church party claims our highest respect." I have given you this little definition of the party of which Mr. Maurice is one of the distinguished leaders, in order that your readers may fully estimate the value of his testimony.

THE REV. F. D. MAURICE ON FEMALE SUFFRAGE.
From the Spectator of March 5, 1870.

Sir: The question of Female Suffrage will shortly come before Parliament. The advocates of it assert the right of women to share in the government of a country of which they constitute so large a portion. The opponents of it maintain that the influence which women exercise in England is and should be domestic, not political.

I leave the first argument untouched; on the second I would wish to say a few words. Can any one pretend that the influence of women over politics—over electing politics, especially—is not very considerable now? Suppose it is only domestic influence; that continually determines what candidates shall offer themselves, not unfrequently what candidate shall be elected. But notoriously, this purely "domestic" power is exerted, dangerously exerted, on tenants, on shopkeepers, on all classes that form our constituencies. According to the maxims that are generally accepted by thoughtful men, is it not well that this (strictly political) power should be held under a sense of responsibility, with the acknowledgment of it as a trust, not wielded carelessly to gratify some sentiment, to sustain some personal favorite? Those who demand the suffrage for women are not really asking for them a power which they do not possess; they are asking a security that the power which they do possess may be used seriously with a deliberate conviction, with a dread of sacrificing general interests to private partialities.

By withholding the suffrage from women on the ground that they ought not to be politicians, we make them, it seems to me, politicians of the worst kind. We justify all feminine pleas for acting upon mere trust or fancy in the selection of a candidate; we encourage the abuses to which those pleas lead. On the other hand, if the Legislature frankly admits women to the exercise of the suffrage, it will, I believe, gradually raise the tone of the whole land, by raising the tone of those

who, often to their injury, govern its governors. In any sphere wherein women feel their responsibility they are, as a rule, far more conscientious than men. When in any sphere they are less conscientious and help to make men less conscientious, it is a reasonable conjecture that in this sphere something has taken from them the sense of responsibility. Mere legislation is not able to effect such a mischief as that, but legislation based upon a moral theory and working along with it may do even greater mischief.

I would contend as earnestly as any one for the domestic duties of a woman. I question whether you do not cripple her in the performance of these duties, and lower her conception of their grandeur, when you teach her not to regard herself as a citizen. The sanctity of the home is the safeguard of the nation; if you decree a separation between the home and the nation, if you affirm that one-half of the nation is to be shut up in the home and excluded from any participation in large interests, take care that the ornaments of the home do not become mere ornaments! pictures to be gazed at and worshipped, not living powers to purify and hallow. I should like to see our Legislature proving by their acts that this is not their conception of a woman's function in the world; all the compliments which they pay her are very hollow and contemptible, if it is.

So long as a majority of the male inhabitants of Great Britain were not reckoned in the constituency, it might have been a useless waste of time to recommend that women should be represented. When householders are admitted to the franchise, their exclusion must strike any one as anomalous. I do not, however, ask for their admission as the removal of a constitutional anomaly, of which we tolerate so many, but as a positive strength to the moral life of England. The hints I have thrown out on this subject have been expanded with far more force in the writings wherein women have pleaded their own cause. But it may not be wholly useless for an outsider of the other sex to own how their arguments have impressed him, and to state on what grounds he considers that men of all parties and all professions may co-operate with them. I am, sir, etc.,

F. D. MAURICE.

Cambridge, March 1.

PAMPHLETS ON WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

I send you four new publications which deal specially with this question. The first, called *Women and Politics*, by the Rev. Canon Kingsley, I have mentioned in a former letter. It has been reprinted from Macmillan's magazine. The second, entitled *Women's Suffrage*, is the proceedings of the public meeting held in Edinburgh in January. It gives the speeches in *extenso*, with the names of the subscribers and executive committee of the Edinburgh Society. Third, *A Lecture on Women's Suffrage*, by Prof. F. W. Newman, is the full report of the address delivered in Bath and Bristol about two months ago, of which I gave you a brief account in my letter of that date. It is most valuable in showing the present and prospective issues of the question, its moral and religious bearings, and its vital importance to the well being of our country and of human progress in the highest sense.

The fourth pamphlet I send puts the question: *Is the Exercise of the Suffrage Unfeminine?* This is ably answered by the writer, Mrs. William Grey, who then recounts five reasons why women should have a share in the government, which may be thus summed up:

1. Because woman is physically weaker than man, and needs this counterpoise to ensure justice.
2. Because woman has quicker perceptions and more grace and beauty than man, and her aid is needed as a refining and elevating influence in the national life.
3. Woman is tender-hearted and pitiful, and her sympathies are needed in politics.
4. Woman has a strong sense of duty, and a greater infusion of moral responsibility will be presented by her presence in political life.
5. Woman is religious by nature, and she will bring this element into the national councils.

Mrs. Grey concludes with a warm plea for education—"Let another reform bill give political power to women, and men will at length feel compelled to educate them, not as graceful playthings, or useful drudges, but as the possessors of a power which society must, at its peril, teach them to use for its benefit."

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS IN ENGLAND.

Miss Garrett has been admitted as a member of the medical staff of the East London Hospital for children, and was appointed one of the physicians last Wednesday. This is the first hospital in Great Britain which has recognized in this manner the female medical movement.

The agitation against the Contagious Diseases Acts, which I have described in former letters, and which now extends to every large community and almost every centre of intelligence in the kingdom, has given rise to much discussion upon the medical profession, and has created a sort of crisis in it. The necessity for opening the profession to women has become more obvious, and finds many fresh advocates. You are, no doubt, aware that at present women are excluded by arbitrary rules from medical examinations and degrees. A petition to Parliament is being prepared praying that these unjust restrictions may be removed, and that in all future legislation Parliament "will sanction no measure for the regulation of medical degrees which does not provide for their being granted not as a matter of favor, but of right to all candidates alike who give evidence of the needful proficiency in medical study; such degrees being no longer contingent on any conditions with which it is intentionally made impossible for women to comply."

Yours, very truly,

REBECCA MOORE.

A BRAVE WESTERN WOMAN.

In a private letter to Miss Anthony, Mrs. Governor McCook, of Colorado (at present in Washington), thus nobly and bravely expresses her sentiments:

Both Gen. McCook and myself would like to be at your New York anniversary, but we now fear it will not be possible. I wish to be considered as deeply interested in this reform for woman, and am pledged to do everything possible to forward it. I hope by the next meeting of the legislature of Colorado that we shall be able to pass the bill which failed by only three votes this time.

My experience in this matter has been as follows: Nearly all the working women I have met, the school and music teachers, shop women and seamstresses are in favor of conferring the ballot upon their sex, but the "ladies," the "curled darlings," of our country are against it, and I find its bitterest opponents among our own sex. Women opposed to the elevation of women! It is bad enough to fight the men who are opposed, but when those we fight for are arrayed against us with the well known battery of words, "unfeminine," "demoralizing" and "degrading," it is hard to make much headway! People are surprised here to see me take this stand, because they say, I am "young, feminine, delicate and happy in my domestic life." As if it were not possible to advocate this thing and yet be all these? When and how can we teach them differently.

THE Protest of the Oberlin women against extending Suffrage to their sex is severely censured in many directions, but rarely approved.

The Revolution.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MINNEAPOLIS, March, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Two weeks in Minnesota, with its clear, bracing air, bright sunshine, grand bluffs, rich valleys, rolling prairies, majestic Mississippi, romantic falls of Minnehaha and St. Anthony, and its noble men and women! What a state this is destined to be, with double the acres New York can boast, and the largest water-power in the world! Beside being a great manufacturing and agricultural country, it possesses inexhaustible resources in its iron, copper, slate, granite, clay, limestone, salt springs, lumber, sand, and fish. Its climate is singularly favorable not only for the health of the people, but for the cultivation of fruits, flowers, rice, sweet potatoes, and, I am sorry to add, tobacco, for it is a pity to desecrate one acre with that vile weed. Gov. Austin might better have forbidden its growth than Woman's Suffrage, for the real interests of the state would be promoted by securing to woman her rights of citizenship, and thus encouraging the immigration of wealth, brains and beauty.

St. Paul and Minneapolis are proud rivals of one another. The former can boast the best society, the most sprightly editors, the finest residences, the most business, and the boldest scenery; the latter the best hotel, wide, regular streets, and an extensive park. It must be a beautiful city in the no distant future. If I were to choose a residence in either, to-day, it would be Minneapolis, because its streets are at right angles. St. Paul, like Boston, goes zig-zagging every way. I would not risk my future spiritual safety by living there, for if the road to heaven is straight, it is a bad preparation to go crooking about through all one's earthly pilgrimage.

I had a splendid audience of ladies in St. Paul to hear my lecture on "Marriage and Maternity." That subject seems to touch a deeper chord in the feminine soul than Suffrage, as few perceive how much the social status is affected by political equality.

At St. Anthony, had a little passage at arms with Prof. Campbell of the State University. As he had been making some speeches against Woman's Suffrage, I was interested to hear some of his objections. The special point he made at the close of my lecture was, that man always had been, and would be, "the natural protector" of woman. He proved this to his own satisfaction by the age of chivalry, by the fire and zeal with which men in all ages had pursued the women they loved. He pointed to Helen, Aspasia, Cleopatra, etc., as if any one doubted that man, in the fire of his youth, or passion, would not even blow his brains out for some individual woman; but

where are these brave knights and chivalrous protectors for the conglomerate masses of womankind who have neither grace, beauty, wealth, nor position?

Feeling too tired to put on my seven-leagued boots and bound back over oceans and continents to consider the heroes and heroines of Troy, Greece and Rome, I called the Professor to the women of Minnesota, teaching for \$500 a year in the public schools, with no Leander swimming the Mississippi to rescue them from their lives of monotonous poverty. Summoned to his native land, the Professor was fired anew with enthusiasm over our late war, and in the exuberance of his chivalry he said it was fought out of the depths of man's love for woman; for our firesides and our homes. This was a new idea. I had always thought the late war was fought for the negro, as his elevation was the grand result. He was emancipated and enfranchised, and made the judge, juror and law-giver for all womankind; but pray what new honor, right, or privilege did woman secure from the first gun at Sumter to the final capture of Jeff. Davis in petticoats? We pause for a reply. The Fifteenth Amendment, the great moral measure on which the republican party specially plumes itself, is the establishment of an aristocracy of sex, reducing woman to the condition of a serf, practically placing the wives, mothers and daughters of this republic under a Foreign yoke. So much for the chivalry of the nineteenth century.

Going to St. Cloud, where the last bridge spans the Mississippi in the north, even there I found the women in rebellion. As Senator Waite, who was woman's champion in the last legislature, resides there, he may fairly be held responsible for the social revolution now inaugurated in that flourishing town. The Senator's highly intellectual wife stands like a pillar of strength and beauty by his side. I had the honor of being introduced to the audience by the Senator. At the close of my lecture quite a party adjourned to the pleasant parlors of Mrs. West, where, in the midst of oysters, ice-creams and coffee, a Suffrage Association was formed, with quite a brilliant array of names of the leading ladies and gentlemen of St. Cloud.

There I met Mrs. Swisshelm's sister, nephew and niece, the latter bright and sparkling as new wine. When some of the gentlemen appointed to draft a constitution spoke of the trouble of such a proceeding, she laughingly said, "I'll lend you 'Combe's Constitution of Man' for a model."

Time fails me to tell you of all the pleasant friends I met at Hastings, how near I came in crossing the ice there to finding my last resting-place in the arms of the Father of Waters; of that ride in a cutter thirty-six miles to Stillwater, and back from St. Paul, through drifts, pitch-holes, deep water, slush, ice, mud, on, on, on, four weary hours, with an audience waiting until near nine o'clock. Verily, Lyceum lecturing is not all sunshine. With a pleasant visit under the hospitable roof of Mr. Wheaton, formerly of Syracuse, and a lecture in the Rev. Edwin Williams's church in Northfield, I ended my engagements in Minnesota, and left her balmy air, clear skies, and numberless copies of THE REVOLUTION behind me, and whizzed off to Iowa.

E. C. S.

McGREGOR, Iowa.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Here I was to speak last night, but we had a smash up, and reached the town at eleven instead of seven. A large au-

dience disappointed, however, I am to lecture this afternoon.

It is easily seen that the live question to-day is Woman's Suffrage. Packed houses everywhere show the deep interest the people feel in it.

On the way to the Methodist church where I was to speak, the gentleman who was to introduce me said there were no strong-minded women in McGregor. So I opened my speech by stating the fact and deploring the sad condition of that community; but several voices shouted out, "That is not true, there are plenty of them." So at the close, I took the vote, and the whole audience went solid for Woman's Suffrage.

I have a new way of putting the vote: "Let all those who are in favor keep their seats, and those opposed rise." In this way one gets the most favorable response, because women, like inanimate objects, generally need some external force to put them in motion, and the mass of them would not rise up to save the nation.

Thus, you perceive, the odium and fatigue of rising is thrown on the enemy, and on the principle above stated, "natural inertia," the opposition is far less in any audience than one might anticipate. Some carping persons have criticized this way of putting the vote, but I see no reason why we should vote just as men do, but every reason why we should do all things quite differently. If you call for the ayes a few deep-voiced men could drown out hundreds of women. Seeing, then, that women will not raise their voices nor stand up, it is fair and wise to take their approval of everything by silence and the sitting posture. McGregor is fearfully and wonderfully built, in a deep valley with bold bluffs that seem to touch the heavens. How they import any breezes there in the summer, I do not see. The scenery about is very fine, and the town is of great commercial importance. They have one of the most remarkable omnibuses that I had seen in many a day. Very long and very narrow, the seats just nine inches wide, on which the men, women and children are literally perched. As we jolted along about a mile I laughed in my sleeve all the way, to see how much like unhappy fowls for the market we looked, in long, prim lines, vis-a-vis, wholly absorbed with the necessity of keeping our respective places. The man that built it must have made some hen-coop his model.

My troubles did not end at McGregor, for in crossing the Mississippi that night to Prairie du Chien, the floating ice kept us prisoners for hours in sight of the heartless engine, with its train, that finally whizzed off to Milwaukee without us.

Obliged to wait for another boat to fire up and come out to our assistance, we resigned ourselves to our fate, and as a delegation of gentlemen invited me to shorten the time for them by a speech, the boat was called to order, and there, in the middle of the Mississippi, I set forth the glories of a genuine republic, in which all citizens who pay taxes and the penalty of their crimes, who obey the laws and support the state, should have a voice in the government. At the close of my speech, some men were so stirred up, we were afraid they would come to blows. One declared if women were to vote he would leave the country. I begged him not to do so rash a thing, for as the contagion was spreading everywhere, I was afraid he would be another "man without a country," a wanderer on the face of the earth, and, like Cain

have a mark set on him as the man that did not believe in Woman's Suffrage.

Prairie du Chien boasts one of the finest hotels in the country, and the most jovial, hospitable landlord that the world ever produced. Tired, sleepy, at midnight, he was as genial and happy as most men in the sunniest conditions (asleep or with a cigar after dinner).

He received us all like a loving father, and dispensed his blessings with an impartial hand. Suppers and beds for a whole train of unexpected guests was an emergency that none but a genius could have met, though he did it to the satisfaction of all concerned. But oh! these western people, how beautifully they take all these delays and accidents! instead of grumbling and swearing, as men do in the east, they make a frolic of everything. Being comfortably bestowed, listening to the merry voices, laughing and skipping through the halls, I philosophized on the blessing of hardships; how much more generous and self-sacrificing people are trained in this school, than in luxury and ease; and yet we are all struggling to secure for our children the very conditions in life that will enfeeble both mind and body, and pervert the whole moral being.

With one long stride stepped into Ripon, Wisconsin, a beautiful town with a pleasant circle of the faithful. Under the hospitable roof of Dr. Stone, a distinguished homoeopathic physician, a delightful surprise was prepared for me. Entering my room, a tall, fine-looking woman popped from behind the door and embraced me with a vim, covering my face with kisses and tears. "Mrs. Henry Crosby," a rich farmer's wife, with her broad acres, fine children, and delightful home, was a poor, lonely Irish girl, who had found her first home with me twenty years ago. A noble, faithful girl, worthy the prosperity she enjoys to-day. Oh! how we did talk and laugh over old times, how having taught her to prepare musk-melons for the table, she did once take a splendid water melon from the ice and treat it in the same way, and the horror that seized paterfamilias, about to dispense to waiting guests a much vaunted melon, to find that nothing but the rind remained! Poor Martha! how she blushed when she learned her mistake. Now she raises all kinds of melons, and eats them too, and knows what to throw away. Martha and her daughter, sixteen, are both ready to vote.

After my lecture in Ripon, a lady came to the platform, as she said, to ask me one question that to her seemed hedged about with difficulties: "How could women with half a dozen babies go to Congress?" I replied, that I thought in most Congressional districts there might be found one woman without such appendages. In every community there are large numbers of old maids (generally the most intelligent class), widows, and women past the age of forty-five who have ceased bearing children. Few men came into public life before that age, and it would be better for the country if fewer still were permitted to make laws for the nation until years and experience had given them wisdom. "But suppose," said another, "that we should send some fair maiden, and after her election she should marry some distinguished gentleman in Washington and become a mother?" She could resign. Gerrit Smith went to Congress and resigned after the first year. Marriage and maternity do not exclude women to-day from all public life. So long as hundreds of women are clerks in all the departments at Washington, why could they not as well be Congressmen? Women leave their

children to wash, teach school, sew, to spend winters at Washington, summers at Saratoga, and years in Europe. Multitudes of boys and girls, under the present dynasty, are put in boarding-schools at ten years old, and yet the moment you mention the ballot a general hue and cry is raised, "What would become of the children?"

From Ripon to Chicago, where I had promised myself a rest over Sunday, but riding along reading a Chicago paper, my hopes of rest were suddenly dashed to the ground, for I found a reception announced at the elegant residence of Fernando Jones, for Saturday evening, and a lecture for Sunday evening, in Robert Collyer's church. The friends of Woman's Suffrage are all wide awake there and about to form a "Cook County Woman Suffrage Association," a convention being called for that purpose. The leaders of our movement in the state disapprove in toto of the action at Cleveland, and still more of the action at Springfield in a late convention, making the Illinois State Society, by some maneuvering, auxiliary to Boston. Western people have a way of thinking for themselves, and no men nor women need imagine they "hold the west in the hollow of their hands."

From Chicago back again to Clinton, Iowa, where I was most pleasantly entertained at the Revere House. There I found everything neat and comfortable, and the proprietor so much interested in Woman's Suffrage, that when I called for my bill, he gallantly said that Clinton, as well as himself, were greatly indebted to me. Iowa is splendidly alive on this question, as her people, by a large vote in both Houses, are to vote on it in the coming election. Our eastern forces must now hold themselves in readiness to do for Iowa what was done in Kansas, scatter tracts and make speeches in every school district, and log cabin. From the tone of the press and people, I should not wonder if Iowa should be the banner state, and on her soil arise the first genuine republic among the nations of the earth.

Of Montecello, Cedar Rapids and Iowa City, something in my next. E. C. S.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

It was held on Wednesday of last week at Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city. Peace Conference may not be a proper name, as it implies, or presupposes war; whereas there is, there was no war on the part of the callers, and certainly, as appeared, none on the part of one of the parties called. But in response to the invitation, there were present Mr. Theodore Tilton, Mrs. Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Laura C. Bullard, representing the signers of the invitation (numbering more than one thousand), Mrs. Lucy Stone, Col. T. W. Higginson and Mr. George Wm. Curtis for the American Woman Suffrage Association, and Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing and Mr. Parker Pillsbury on behalf of the National Woman Suffrage Association. Mrs. Stone and her two associates for the American Association, wished to be considered as acting without appointment, having come as they said, "only as volunteers."

As doubts had been expressed about the attendance of Mrs. Mott, on account of the long distance to be travelled, her age and feeble health, Mr. Francis D. Moulton had been appointed as her substitute, who occupied her place before she entered; and also in the even-

ing, after she had retired from the conference.

The representatives of the American Association, especially Col. Higginson, pertinaciously insisted that there be no organization of the conference, not so much as even the appointment of a chairman, though emphasizing strongly that they were not there as delegates duly appointed under the invitation. It was suggested, on the part of the National Association, that as we were, in a sense, but the invited guests of Mr. Tilton and his friends, and they appeared to regard the appointment of the customary chairman and secretary as essential to the better facilitating of business, whether propriety and courtesy did not require that we waive our objections and permit them as our host to decide on the manner of proceeding. But they seemed wholly disinclined to yield the point, and as the National delegates had no particular preferences either way, it was concluded to pass at once to the questions which had brought us together.

It was decided unanimously with no discussion, that reporters be not admitted.

The discussions, though long and earnest, were most kind and friendly in spirit. Mr. Tilton read brief extracts of a large number of letters, sent from nearly all parts of the country, many of them official, signed by officers of local Woman Suffrage Societies, strongly urging that the proposed union of the two national organizations be consummated. Much was said by Mrs. Stone and her associates about the causes which led to the calling of the Cleveland Convention, the nature and manner of that call; its entirely "Olive Branch" character; who signed it, and why, and under what circumstances; what was thought and said of it at the Providence Convention, by Theodore Tilton, Col. Higginson and others; the Convention at Cleveland and the Society which was organized there; what it had done, is doing and proposes to do, which could not possibly be done (so it was confidently held by Mrs. Stone) under the National Association, which had been in vigorous operation several months, and had held very large and important conventions, besides doing much other work, while the Cleveland Convention and its call were not; all these and other topics were considered in conversational manner for four hours and more, our American Society associates showing no sign of coming to, or towards a harmonious union, when Mr. Tilton, on behalf of the callers of the Conference, submitted, in writing, the following proposal:

Resolved (by the Committee calling the Conference) That the following question be fraternally addressed to the other parties to this interview:

Are you in favor of a union of the two existing national societies, or is it your judgment that these two associations should continue to exist as separate bodies?

This question was answered, in writing, at the request of Col. Higginson and his associates, by each member attending the Conference, as follows:

T. W. Higginson—I desire harmony, but see no reason for any modification of the present position of the American Woman Suffrage Association. G. W. Curtis—I am in favor of a union if possible, but think the olive branch was offered at Cleveland, and continues to be offered. Mrs. Lucy Stone—I see no reason for a change in the organization or position of the American Woman Suffrage Association. I think the olive branch was extended at Cleveland.

Parker Pillsbury—I am decidedly in favor of union. I left the Equal Rights Association when I saw the division there existing two or three years ago, and have only just now come into the National Association, in the hope that something may be done to restore unity and harmony among all honest, earnest workers in the Suffrage cause. Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing—I am in favor of union, and see no reason for disunion. Mrs. C. B. Wilbour—What I want is Woman's Suffrage, and I am in

favor of a union with all who are working for the same object.

The Committee calling the Conference expressed the following opinions:

Mrs. Lucretia Mott—I believe that the two Societies should unite by all means—by such concessions as each should make to the other. Theodore Tilton—I believe the two Societies ought to be combined into one. Mrs. Laura C. Bullard—I am heartily in favor of union; for I think that two societies injure the cause they both wish to serve.

At this point the American Association's representatives withdrew, declining to accept any overtures proposed by the callers of the Conference, or to suggest any of their own.

It should, perhaps, be said here that communications from Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony had been received and were read to the Conference early in the session. From letters by Mrs. Stanton, the following are extracts:

I never think of our division without regret. It detracts so much from the dignity and respectability of the cause in the public mind, at home and abroad. And then the warfare is so petty, so puerile; I have tried to laugh it down, to ridicule it out of existence, and if you can in any way prevent the disgrace of two conventions at one time, in one place, for heaven's sake do it. I will do all I can to that end. If I am a stumbling-block to any brother or any sister, I will gladly resign my office and remain in the west until all is over. Having fought the world twenty years, I do not now wish to turn and fight the noble women who have so long stood together in evil and good report. I should be so glad to have all united, with Mr. Beecher or Lucretia Mott for our general, that I would gladly stay away from conventions altogether, if thereby we could conciliate Boston. * * * If we of the National are willing to trust the people to frame a constitution and officer a united organization, why cannot the American consent also? I am willing to work with any and all who work, or to get out of the way entirely, that there may be an organization that shall be respectable in Europe and the world.

A telegram from Miss Anthony read thus:
Woman's Suffrage Committee, 5th Avenue Hotel:

The entire west demands united national organization for Sixteenth Amendment, this very Congressional session, and so does

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

The proposal made by the callers of the Conference was in substance that the two associations claiming to be national should mutually merge into one, with a new constitution embracing all the best features of both their own, with a new board of officers made up from both theirs, and harmonious action from that time onward under one national banner, but with local auxiliaries from ocean to ocean, as the vast extent of the country might require. Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Livermore, Miss Anthony and Lucy Stone were all named as the proper heads of the most important positions, and six members of the Conference unanimously, joyfully agreed to accept such an arrangement in all its entirety. The following is the constitution as proposed with two or three unimportant verbal changes:

CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S FRANCHISE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I. This organization shall be called the American Woman's Franchise Society.

ART. II. Its object shall be to secure the elective franchise to women on equal terms with men.

ART. III. Any person favoring this object, and agreeing to this Constitution, may become a member of this Association by paying \$1 annually; or a life-member, by a payment of \$10 at one time; and all members shall be entitled to a vote at all meetings of the Association.

ART. IV. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, an Auditing Committee of three, and an Executive Committee of fifteen, of whom five shall constitute a quorum.

ART. V. The annual meeting of this Association shall be held in the City of New York on the second Tuesday in May, when reports shall be presented by the Treasurer, the Secretaries, and the Executive Committee; officers shall be elected for the ensuing year; and such other business shall be transacted as the interests of the cause may require.

ART. VI. Any state or other local society, formed to promote Woman's Suffrage, shall, on declaring itself Auxiliary to this Association, be recognized as such.

ART. VII. A special meeting of this Association shall be called by the President at the joint request of any three State societies. A special meeting of the Executive Committee shall be called by the Chairman at the request of any single auxiliary State society. But the Association shall have had a previous notice of not less than thirty, and the Committee of not less than fifteen days.

ART. VIII. The Executive Committee may fill vacancies in its own body, or in any office (the Presidency excepted), occurring prior to the next ensuing annual meeting of the Association.

ART. IX. No money shall be paid to the Treasurer except under such restrictions as the Executive Committee may provide.

ART. X. No distinction shall ever be made by this Association on account of color, race, or sex.

ART. XI. This Constitution may be amended at any meeting of the Association by a vote of three fifths of the members present.

It seemed to at least six members of the Conference that a more simple, brief, and yet comprehensive and truly democratic instrument of its kind, could not be framed.

In suggesting lists of officers to be supported at the first meeting of the new Society, should one be formed in May, the original proposition was not kept after the withdrawal of the American representatives, even so far as the National Association was considered. Its delegates did not insist upon it, well assured that no union would or could be formed without the names of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony among its prominent directors, nor any Woman's Suffrage Association be effective that should presume to reject them and the like of them.

While the two adhering delegations deeply regretted that Mrs. Mott declined the use of her name as President of a new Association, should one be inaugurated, they could not but approve the reasons she gave, and admire the spirit in which they were communicated. Her entrance to the Conference after its business was opened and while Mr. Tilton was reading his letters, caused a thrill of joy and delight. All rose instinctively to salute her, and she sat down among us like an angelic presence. Her accents were the music, her words the wisdom and the eloquence of the occasion. And she had come cheerfully all the way from Philadelphia to give her voice and influence in support of the grand object which brought the conference together. She poured eulogy and benediction on the heads of Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, who, she said, had for more than twenty years, earnestly, faithfully, laboriously and untiringly struggled for the elevation and enfranchisement of their sex. And she wished and longed for a return to the unity, harmony and hearty co-operation of the early times of the enterprise. She thought the few differences which might exist, and which were not widely extended, could be reconciled by a little mutual concession, and then all could move on happily, harmoniously to a glorious triumph. While she spoke, and whenever she spoke, all who listened must have felt that it

was good to be there. But to what immediate purpose she pleaded, has been already told.

It only remains to give the names of the persons suggested as officers of the proposed new Association as follows:

President—Theodore Tilton.

Vice-Presidents—Martha C. Wright, Frederick Douglass, Clara Barton, Benjamin F. Wade, Myra Bradwell, Gerrit Smith, Rev. Gilbert Haven, Samuel Bowles, Myra Clarke Gaines, Hon. Matt. H. Carpenter, Mrs. Reuben E. Fenton, James Redpath, Emily Pitts Stevens, Moses Coit Tyler, Mrs. Prof. Darwin, Richard Mott, Mrs. Gov. McCook, Geo. W. Julian, Rev. Frederick A. Noble, Gen. Rufus R. Saxton, Charles Beardsley, Attorney-General O'Connor, Iowa; Mrs. Anne Frances Pillsbury, South Carolina; Gov. Reed, Florida; Gov. Campbell, Wyoming; and Rev. N. J. Burton, of Connecticut.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Laura C. Bullard.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Abby Hopper Gibbons, New York; ex-Gov. Root, Lawrence, Kansas; Isabella Beecher Hooker, Hartford, Conn.; Judge J. B. Bradwell, Chicago, Ill.; Sarah Pugh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C.; Mattie Griffith Browne, Boston, Mass.; Edwin A. Studwell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Frances S. Titus, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Francis D. Moulton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eliza L. Leggett, Detroit, Mich.

It was near midnight when the session closed. Mr. Tilton only accepted the naming of himself as President, conditionally. Mrs. Mott resisted all his solicitations and entreaties. And he will still, at the proper time and place, urge the names of two, if not three, other persons, in precedence of his own.

It is due the callers of the Conference to say that they generously assumed all the expenses of the delegates in their attendance, and such other costs as were incurred. P. P.

MR. JULIAN AND THE XVI. AMENDMENT.

MR. JULIAN has introduced the Sixteenth Amendment, which is a simple paraphrase of the Fifteenth, substituting sex for color or servitude. The amendment falls on the country without producing the excitement that would be caused by an ordinary local wonder. It is very evident that the intent of this motion is to attract notice to Mr. Julian, and not to the amendment. That suffering creature called woman will have to wait a long time for relief, we fear, if it is to come in the shape proposed by and through this amendment. At present the very fact that such an amendment can be offered almost without attracting notice is evidence that the public is not yet ready for the discussion of the question in the form proposed. In fact, Mr. Julian shows a thorough want of acquaintance with his subject and with the means of attaining a remedy when he makes this motion. In this country the reform must precede the amendment—must be fought out first.

The Philadelphia Press so pronounces on the attempt of a fellow Republican long known as an earnest and honest friend of the cause of liberty and equality, through evil as well as good report, to do justice to woman. There are Republican journals in the country in which I should have expected to read such sentiments against Mr. Julian, but Mr. Forney's Press is not one of them. And yet its history, as an advocate for the cause of justice and freedom compares most unfavorably with that of the man it so uncharitably and unreasonably judges. Had Mr. Julian been a new and sudden convert to the doctrine of Woman Suffrage, had he

even been, like so many Republicans, *Editors*, a plenty, included, converted to colored male citizenship only as military and then political party necessity, his case would have been very different. But none can know better than Mr. Forney, that for many years Mr. Julian has been well and widely known as a champion for the total and unconditional abolition of slavery and the elevation of the slave to all the rights of citizenship. And, if such an allusion be pardonable, when, a dozen years ago, he married the accomplished daughter of Joshua R. Giddings, he sympathized fully with her in the entire doctrine of the Rights of Woman. And so the vulgar sneer of the *Press* at "that suffering creature called woman," is not more paltry, than is the charge unjust, that what Mr. Julian did in offering the Sixteenth Amendment, was only "to attract notice to himself."

But there is an implied principle in this censure, rather than criticism, of Mr. Julian by the *Press*, more reprehensible still. It says, "In this country the reform must precede the amendment—must be fought out first." By which we are to understand that Congress has nothing to do with reform, and that to move a measure to promote it, even though it be one so important as the enfranchisement of woman, is out of place, is out of order, if not indeed, a censurable offence.

Such morality, however, in politics is not strange, when it is remembered that it has long been inculcated in the church. Slavery survived unharmed, untouched by any efficient church action, for generations. When the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was arraigned for its complicity with slavery, it defended itself on the ground that slavery was a civil and political institution and that its missionaries must not therefore interfere with it. And so the Creek, Cherokee and Choctaw Mission Churches were made up, in considerable measure, of slaveholders. In 1845, the Board at its annual meeting was compelled by the growth of anti-slavery sentiment to apologize for its course and that of its missionaries. It appointed an imposing committee with Rev. Dr. Woods of Andover Theological Seminary as Chairman, to investigate and report. The substance of that report was contained in a single sentence as afterwards simplified and rendered by a member of the Board itself, namely: "That it is the duty of this Board to prosecute the work of saving souls, without interfering with the civil condition of society *any faster than the consciences of the people become enlightened.*" And on that philosophy the church acted, not only on the subject of slavery but also of polygamy in the Mission Churches. For in 1846 the Board was again memorialized on that subject also. And a committee was appointed to make a report, Chancellor Walworth of New York, being chairman. As was expected, the report cloaked the sin. It was found that polygamists were in the mission churches and the course of the missionaries was sustained by a unanimous vote of the Board. There was some discussion, but Chancellor Walworth and Dr. Tyler silenced every clamor by a single remark, each. The former said, "Polygamy is common in Turkey, and cases may arise there. In New York polygamy is felony, but there it is lawful." And Rev. Dr. Tyler, an instructor of ministers and missionaries at another distinguished Theological Seminary, said in the discussion, "We have as good right to ask this Board to say that polygamy in extreme cases is right, as others have to ask us to say that it is wrong!" With such

expounding and explaining by D.D.'s and L.L.D.'s, all were so fully convinced, that when the final vote was taken, not one negative hand or voice was raised!

Such was the standard of church morality in the epoch of slavery and for aught that is known, is still as respects polygamy. "It is the business of the church to prosecute the work of saving souls without interfering with the civil condition of society, any faster than the consciences of the people become enlightened." To enlighten the conscience on the sin of man-stealing, of slave-breeding and slave-trading is no part of the business of a christian missionary. To encroach on Brigham Young's prerogative of multiplicity of wives is no part of the work of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Turkey, because Chancellor Walworth pronounces polygamy lawful there, though in New York the mission converts might be confined in a felon's cell, minus the ministrations of even a single wife.

To the same easy virtue Mr. Forney commits the politics of republicanism. And with religion and politics thus limited, what wonder that "reform must be fought out." And fought against what, but this very religion and republicanism! The *Press* says, "the very fact that Mr. Julian's amendment can be offered almost without attracting notice, is evidence that the public is not yet ready for the discussion of the question." But is that any reason why the amendment should not be moved in Congress, in the *Press*, in every press, in every pulpit, in every place? Is the fact that half the population of the country are ignominiously, unjustly, unrighteously proscribed, despoiled of all civil and political rights on account of sex, is that fact reason for Mr. Julian's silence, for Mr. Forney's silence, for everybody's silence, except a few fanatical women and more fanatical men, as people, press, pulpit, everybody almost, everywhere, has been accustomed to call the earnest workers in every movement for reform? Is that "enlightenment of conscience" which is essential to every step in real progress, political as well as moral, the work of fanatics alone? Has the church nothing to do with enlightening the conscience of Turkey and Arabia on the question of polygamy, or of the Cherokee and Choctaw proselytes, on slaveholding?

Has Congress no interest, no duty, in the enfranchisement of the best, bravest, purest, noblest half of the American nation, that Mr. Julian must be tauntingly reproved for moving a preliminary step in that direction, and all womankind insulted and sneered at in the same breath, by the side of their champion? Then what is the business of Congress? Of what earthly use is such a church, such a pulpit? for if reform has to be "fought out" against church, congress and government, until party demagogues and deceivers can safely and successfully reap their harvests of spoils, if the conscience of the people has to be "enlightened" by "fanatics and infidels" (as all pioneer reformers in every age have been called by the respectabilities in state and church), why cannot the whole work of evangelizing and saving the world be left to them? If both the popular religion and republicanism can wink at and tolerate, age after age, such wholesale abominations as slavery and polygamy, until by influences wholly outside of themselves the public conscience is sufficiently enlightened to repudiate them, how can they be entrusted to treat with lesser evils? Every day, every hour, and night as well as day, proves that they cannot. And there is

not one human peril impending at this moment over the public or personal prosperity or safety of the nation, come from what source it may, against which any man or woman feels any more secure on account of the existence or action of what is called the government, or the church. Indeed, from Mr. Forney's own treatment of Mr. Julian and his amendment, the women can see that they have no worse foe to fight against, than the Congress whose work he has volunteered to mark out in his severe and most unwarranted strictures on Mr. Julian, at the head of this article.

P. P.

LETTER FROM MISS ANTHONY.

JONESVILLE, Mich., April 7, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I sent telegram to Theodore Tilton yesterday to 5th Avenue Conference, and hope it got there in time to be read. There is but one feeling all through this glorious west, and that is, that it is a shame to have a divided front at this auspicious moment. One strong, bold pull *all together*, and the victory is ours. The west will decide any who stand for the "order of their going" as hindrances, and leave them behind.

The west will be largely, gloriously represented at our May Anniversary. And it will demand union every time. And it must have it. All the differences and disagreements of parties and persons must be put in the background. Every eye must be fixed on the goal—the SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT. Senator Trumbull and Representative Bingham must report the bills now sleeping in their committees for *immediate action*. Everywhere in the splendid audiences in Illinois, and now here in Michigan, the vote is unanimous, demanding that Congress submit the proposition. Everywhere the people indignantly resent and spurn the idea that the intelligent women of this nation—the peers of our presidents, judges, congressmen and legislators, must go down and ask the ignorant masses of men if they will graciously permit them to have a voice in the government. No! no!! is the thundering answer. It is humiliating enough for us to be compelled to ask the Representatives at Washington and the State Capitals for what is *our right*, and about which they have no business to say yea or nay to us, more than we to speak or decide for them.

I tell you, if our Representatives in Congress could see and hear the honest indignation of the honest people of the country, they would each and all make haste to enact what we demand and must and will have. To the rescue, then, every one, for a Sixteenth Amendment from this Congress before it shall adjourn the present session! We can command it. We can get it, if only all of us will concentrate on this one measure.

Let all, then, come up to New York on the 10th of May, and let us all put shoulder to the great wheel and push on to victory now—most emphatically "WOMAN'S HOUR." Let there be no laggards—no sticklers for red tapeism—but all stick together.

P. S. Since my last, splendid meetings in Quincy, Farmington, Elmwood, Mendota, Peru and La Salle—Batavia, Peoria and Champaign in Illinois, and in Sturgis, Jonesville, Michigan, I can tell you with emphasis the fields are white unto harvest—waiting, waiting only the reapers. And it is a shame—it is a crime—for any of the old or new public workers to halt by the way to pick the "motes" out of their neighbors' eyes. Not one of us, of course, but has

blundered; but if only we are each in earnest, we shall each forgive, in the faith that that other, like ourself, is earnest—means right. How any one can stand in the way of a united national organization at an hour like this, is wholly inexplicable to

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Editorial Correspondence.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 6th, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Florida is behaving this winter something like a hostess tired of uninvited guests; she cannot shut her doors and forbid entrance, nor can she withhold her goods, but she can frown and be reserved and chilly, almost frigid in her airs; beaming out occasionally in her natural character, and then clouding over again. In short, the weather, the universal topic of conversation, is as capricious as it is at the north. We take the fag end of all your storms. When you have a heavy snow and extreme cold, we get a rain, a thunder-storm, and the mercury sinks down to forty, and this morning we had a white frost, and our spirits were below zero, notwithstanding our light-wood fire, which ought to brighten even a misanthrope.

There was one white frost last month; some said one black one, but as we did not see the ice, there are doubts, for we do not believe much we do not see with our very eyes. We have seen the trees white and pink for weeks past with cherry, peach and orange blossoms, and the air loaded with perfume, notwithstanding all Mr. Train says to the contrary.

We have many days of genial sunshine, the mercury ranging from fifty to seventy-five, even to eighty-four occasionally for a few hours when there was seemingly no electricity in the atmosphere, but that has been only once or twice, and was not, after all, much like dog days. Oranges have been abundant and delicious, and apples are about the same price that they are in New York.

Mr. Train says those who come here need to bring a barrel of whiskey and a half-barrel of quinine. Mr. Train speaks from the experience of a few days, we from that of three winters, and we have never seen the least need of whiskey, and have only reason to regret that so many from the north set the bad example of drinking in the presence of the colored people, who are but children, and need good example as well as precept. It seems a sad fact that drunkenness follows in the wake of civilization. As for quinine, there is little need of that when nature has so abundantly provided the sour orange. What one does need to bring is warm, substantial clothing, and sense enough to change with changes of the weather. One needs to bring also, a stock of patience, for the natives of warm climates are not accustomed to hurry and drive; hence, this is the place for rest.

If any one comes here expecting to find a finished city, he will be disappointed. Indeed, the place is rude and new, and looks slovenly, but it is in its infancy, and after all it is not so very much worse than northern cities. There are here, at least, none of the fetid odors of close and dirty streets as in New York or New Haven.

We did think of writing a chapter on boarding-houses and lodgings, but after more thought and putting ourselves for a little while in the place of our delicate, refined, and inexperienced landlady, we withhold, for however considerate we may be as lodgers, it is a thankless task to

take into one's house several strangers and try to please them all. More than once we have watched the flushed cheek and the quivering lip as some dainty boarder shoves back his plate and turns up his immaculate nose at a dish which does not tickle his fastidious palate.

Last Thursday we rose at day-break, packed our bags and took the Florence for an up-river trip, not knowing what should befall us, for we can go to Palatka for a dollar, or stop at the first landing, and it's the same price.

The first thing which did befall us was the meeting a last winter's friend who had sought us in vain in the city. Loaded with Indian River oranges, we feasted and prolonged our trip, which was set on foot for Mandarin, to Magnolia, where we found many friends. "The Winter Home" is, indeed, a home. Dr. and Mrs. Rogers are in their right places, dispensing hospitality with liberal grace.

It was a fortunate day to be there. A flag had been raised to celebrate Washington's birthday, and upon this day there was a formal presentation of it to the proprietors of the "Home." The guests assembled on the piazza, when the freedmen employed on the place came marching round singing, "We are marching along," then gathering about the flag-staff, they sang again, "Rally round the flag, boys," and other songs. One or two rather set speeches followed in the presentation. Dr. Rogers accepted gracefully, and then came another song by the company. Then there was a call for Mr. George Whittier, from Portland, Maine, a young soldier, and a cousin of John G. Whittier. His speech was an enthusiastic outburst for freedom, which thrilled every heart. As the young man was unaccustomed to public speaking, his speech had not the finished graces of oratory, but it had, what is far better, feeling that made others feel too.

At five, accompanied by many friends, we again took the Florence, and at half-past six reached Mandarin, unexpected guests at the "Owl's Nest," in the live-oak tree. As we came to the front of the house, we could look in and see the dear, cheerful family at tea. Ah, what a pleasant sight! And then the warm welcome in from the dark night made us at home at once.

We are not going to violate the laws of hospitality by telling you anything we saw or heard—nothing about the pleasant evenings, the long, delightful talks in the sanctum, the walks, the drives, the gathering oranges, and flowers—great creamy callas blooming in the open air, roses, verbenas, the canna Indica, azalias, the blue iris—but above all, the peaceful Sabbath in the little church in the grove, which is a school-house through the week, and the sanctuary on Sunday.

Once a day we go to see the growth of the bananas, which are now fruiting. The largest planted last year is about twenty-seven feet high, the stalk ten inches in diameter. On warm days a leaf will grow between three and four inches. The buds are enclosed in a large purple sheath. Each day after it begins to open one leaf of the sheath is cast off, and the fruit, with the flower on its tip, appears. The fruit, unlike most other fruits, forms in the matrix. Figs are growing quite large, and peaches and plums begin to appear. Strawberries are very fine, but cannot be called abundant, as there is not one apiece for all the greedy mouths here.

We have many talks about Woman's Suffrage. For this purpose we throw ourselves among southern people. One day a lady asked if we

knew any of those women about whom the Tribune talked so at Washington. We replied that we did, that we were at the convention. We then handed her several copies of THE REVOLUTION. She read them with avidity, and on returning them subscribed for THE REVOLUTION, and remarked that "she never should believe anything that the Tribune said about people from this time forth; she then asked several questions about the hearing before the committee which was so misreported.

Several days have passed since the above was written. We have been busy with many things. Having resolved to lecture, there were the usual preparations to be made. First, there was the Hall to be secured, when, upon application, the owner said to us, "I am very glad that the subject is to be presented here. I will do what I can to get an audience for you," with many other kind, obliging things.

Handbills were posted Monday morning, and notice to be given in Tuesday morning's paper. Alas! with the morning light came thunder and lightning and rain in torrents, as it knows how to rain in this latitude; but at noon the blue sky appeared, and by eight o'clock the walking was good, the moon in its full, and on our arrival at the hall, we found, as our doorkeeper said, "right smart of people thar." In a short time the hall was entirely filled, and a more attentive or appreciative audience could not be desired. Several, both ladies and gentlemen, said they were converted to our views, and ready for Woman's Suffrage.

This is the first lecture of the kind ever given in Florida, but I am confident it will not be the last. Indeed, I shall not be surprised if some of the southern states do justice to woman before the whole of New England.

A gentleman from Michigan remarked that our lecture made him proud of his state, the statutes there were so much in advance of those which we quoted from Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Yet Michigan, with all her gallantry and liberality, which has gone beyond even-handed justice, still disfranchises her daughters.

Last Sabbath we went to see a baptizing. The preacher fervently exhorted his congregation all to be present at the ceremony when these ten or twelve should be buried with Jesus in the "liquory grave." The skeleton-like candidates, the cold water, black and turbid, the sharp wind, the agonized faces of the administrators, all combined to make it beyond measure sad, for we could only regard it as an expression of superstition, sincere, but so ignorant of all that constitutes real Christianity!

P. W. D.

MIDDLESEX, MASS.—An Independent Woman Suffrage Association for Middlesex County, Mass., was formed in Cambridge at a Convention on the 7th and 8th inst., with the following board of officers: President—Mrs. Ada C. Bowles, of Cambridge; Vice-Presidents—Rev. Gilbert Haven, Malden, Miss Lorenza Haynes, Waltham, Rev. Jesse Jones, Natick, Mrs. Mary E. Hall, M.D., Lowell; Secretary—Miss Sarah Joy, of Charlestown; Treasurer—Mrs. Carrie P. Lacosta, of Maplewood.

Our esteemed friend, who sent the report of the Convention, adds, to close;

The meetings were fully attended, much enthusiasm was manifested, and many names enrolled as members of the society; and it is hoped we may be able to hold meetings in every town in the county.

THE "WORKING WOMAN."

THE WOMAN LECTURER.—From present indications, we should say that the next ten years threaten a visitation terrible as that of the seventeen years locusts, and likely to be of much longer duration, in the shape of swarms of women lecturers. Women who cannot write a respectable newspaper article, think they can win fame and fortune upon the platform, just as the degenerate scions of noble English families, who were not considered good for anything else, found a resource in the church.

Lecturing is gradually acquiring the dignity of a profession in this country, and those women who possess the natural and acquired qualifications, will find in it a field of honorable and useful activity; but successful oratory requires a combination of rare qualifications, which few men or women possess, and, though individuals of either sex may be galvanized into a certain brief and ephemeral notoriety, yet it requires the possession and exercise of extraordinary faculties to render such success permanent.

The latest aspirant for oratorical honors is Miss Lilhan C. Edgerton, whose romantic appellation would seem to belong to some school girl of the blonde type, but who is really a mature young woman, of large, firm figure, prepossessing, somewhat English face, and chestnut brown hair, which she wears in curls over a fashionable chignon.

Miss Edgerton has been spoken of as the first prominent woman opponent of Woman Suffrage; and the extravagant and fulsome praise bestowed upon her in certain quarters, seemed to intimate a desire to force her into that position. Her own declaration of principles, as contained in her lecture, delivered recently at Cooper Institute, does not justify this assumption at all. Her ground was precisely that of Mrs. Croly in her *Woman's Parliament* (upon which, indeed, her whole idea was based), viz., that education for business and public life should come before Suffrage, and that this education, this aptitude, should be secured by associations of women among themselves, corresponding to the woman "councils," which the Parliament leaders recommend—that women form in every city, town, and village, for the purpose of correcting public evils, suggesting practical remedies, and securing working organizations among women, which could send their delegates to parliament, and by their unity acquire a moral power and strength which would compel consideration and attention to their demands.

Miss Edgerton embodies this idea of female organization in her lecture, and recommends it strongly, but in the very next breath disavows it utterly, and declares that the only attraction among women is the "attraction of repulsion," and goes on with a lame and very antiquated piece of clap-trap, to the effect that all women are hard on their own sex, draw their skirts away from contact, etc., etc. This singular inconsistency gives to her lecture a curiously patchy and piece-work effect. It appears to be the work of other minds than her own, or at any rate, to embody crudely the thoughts of totally distinct classes of persons.

Perhaps the reiteration of the false and worn-out stuff about women's falsity and cruelty towards each other was simply intended as a clever little trick to "bring down the house," as it never fails to do, in an audience where men are present; but it is a sort of jugglery that disgusts sensible women, and was exceedingly out of taste from a woman who takes the

modern stand-point in regard to her own sex, and owes all the possibilities of her future to what they have achieved in the past.

How men can continue to repeat the falsehood of women's injustice to women, in face of the every-day facts they know to the contrary, is only to be explained upon the presumption that it suits them to take that view of the question; but, for a woman to repeat the slander, is treachery to her sex, as well as disregard of truth.

Who but women founded the "Homes for the Friendless," the "Institutes for Fallen Women?" Who but such women as Mrs. Richmond, who lies dead, unhonored, and unsung, have devoted fortune, strength, life, to the unthankful and ill-requited task of rescuing the victims of men's lust from the abyss of degradation into which they have fallen? And why is the task of such women unthankful and ill-requited? Because, in their poverty, they cannot offer the premium to virtue that man offers to vice.

Is the woman who slanders her whole sex, before hundreds, any better than she who whispers the poisoned venom in the ear of one?

Miss Edgerton lacks one essential qualification for her work, and that is purpose and earnestness in the prosecution of it. It is in this respect particularly that Anna Dickinson, in her inspired utterances, towers so immeasurably above her. Miss Anna E. Dickinson is a prophet, wailing, warning, beseeching, or a mother threatening and entreating, her heart, her soul, in her magnetic eyes, in her vibrating voice—Miss Edgerton is a carefully-trained elocutionist, with a fine voice, a good manner, when it acquires more freedom, and ideas which she seems to have appropriated from a variety of sources, and put together in a somewhat incongruous way; but she gives evidence of ability, which only requires experience and a high object to render her a glorious acquisition to the ranks of enfranchised and independent working women.

"LIGHT FROM THE EAST."

AMONG all our western exchanges, there is not one conducted in better temper and spirit than *The Present Age* of Kalamazoo, Michigan. The Spiritualists are almost to a man, and a woman, in favor of Woman Suffrage. Their conventions declare for it and their public lecturers and journals almost, if not wholly, advocate it; not cantingly and patronizingly, but in good solid, sober earnest, as genuine and intelligent believers in the principle, in the absolute right and justice of the doctrine; in practice, as well as in preaching or proclamation. And so the following remarks of *The Present Age* on the pending attempts to harmonize the differences that have arisen in the minds of some of the workers in the Cause of Woman (omitting most of the personal allusions) are pertinent and proper, and deserving of the same kindly, friendly consideration with which they are presented:

We received calls for conventions as annexed from the American Woman's Suffrage Association, and also from the National Woman's Suffrage Association, some weeks since, with the request to publish, which we, of course, designed to do for both; but were hesitating as to just what we ought to say upon the subject; all the time hoping that some way would open to extricate the friends of this important reformatory and progressive measure from the unfortunate difficulty in which they are involved by this claim of two heads to really but one body. Fortunately just at this moment light seems to be breaking in the East. We find the following editorial remarks and extracts in the *Independent* of last week, which with the appeal that follows, which we find in *THE REVOLUTION* of March 24th, give us hope that a

way of escape from the unfortunate position is made easy. We sincerely hope that both parties may receive this kind advice in the spirit in which it is given; certain it is, that should either of them exhibit a spirit of captiousness, they will not find themselves in sympathy with the great body of sincere workers in the noble cause, giving us so much promise of good in the great future. It is not our purpose to inquire into, or allude to the origin or probable animus of this trouble. We judge from what we saw in Cleveland of the feelings manifested by a very few of the managers towards Miss Anthony; what we have heard of the spirit subsequently exhibited in Boston towards Mrs. Stanton; and the evidently unfriendly words and spirit at the State Convention in Michigan, in remarks made of the National Association and those who participated in its organization in New York, that the difficulties do not arise above mere personal prejudice, and possibly aspiration for position.

ANOTHER IRVING HALL.—It is in Philadelphia. The *Post* of that city gives sad account of the management of the Academy of Music there. It seems that application was made recently by responsible gentlemen who wished to rent the building for a lecture to be delivered by Senator Revels of Mississippi. Surely, the *Post* says, a Senator of the United States might be allowed to speak in our Academy of Music. But Mr. Revels is a colored man, and this respectable Board has the negrophobia. It has it the worst kind. It has repeatedly refused Frederick Douglass the privilege of lecturing in the Academy, though he has alone more brains than almost any six members of the Board together. So, when the application was made in behalf of Senator Revels, the Board shuddered; it met and profoundly deliberated; it finally came to the conclusion that to allow Senator Revels to lecture in the Academy of Music would be "inexpedient," and without giving further reason refused to allow him to speak!

VIRGINIA VOICES.

A WOMAN sends to the Editor of the *Richmond News* the following:

Editors of the Evening News:

I am inclined to think, from a little article I saw in the *Evening News* of yesterday, that you are about to proclaim yourselves advocates of Woman's Suffrage, and desiring to further your proclamation and have you speedily espouse our noble cause, I send you an address of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, for your serious consideration. The horrible truths it contains must rouse your heroism to battle for the enfranchisement of woman, and to ameliorate the condition of millions who cry, "Justice! justice! ye law makers! ye tyrants!"

Think not the woman appointed Justice of the Peace in Wyoming Territory, is the only specimen of a Woman's Rights woman, for a more elegant and loveable woman than Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the great champion of our cause, never was created.

In a few short weeks, I hope you and a vast concourse of hearers may be privileged to gaze upon her, and listen to her thrilling tones, powerful logic and enrapturing eloquence in this city of Richmond.

AN ADVOCATE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

To which the editors of the *News* thus gallantly respond:

The lady whose letter we publish above, has placed at our disposal a pamphlet which purports to be an "Address to the Legislature of New York adopted by the State Woman's Rights Convention, held at Albany, in February, 1854," prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the well-known advocate of her sex, to hold office, to sit in the jury-box, to vote in assemblies of the people and in all elections prescribed by law, and to do as men in public affairs, who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.

We may premise by saying that our fair correspondent is known to preside over a domestic circle of eminent social standing, and is, besides,

if we do not mistake, native here and to the manor born. When such a lady steps forward in advocacy of privileges which the law has thought proper to deny her sex, it may well be asked if woman has not wrongs to be righted as well as man? and it may be wise to consider now that a wider latitude has been given to manhood suffrage by the spirit of this age, whether a blunder may not have been committed by our lawmakers in excluding from the jury and ballot-box an educated and highly refined class of individuals.

After a good deal more, some of which savors of Southern politics and need not be introduced here, the article is thus eloquently closed:

The limits of a newspaper article will not permit us to notice, as we intended, the eloquent arguments set forth within the pages of Mrs. Stanton's pamphlet. But this much must be acknowledged, that no champion of woman could have been better qualified to undertake the righting of her wrongs—if profound research, well established facts, and indomitable courage be considered as convincing. If we should but grant her premise sound, we then perforce admit that all her conclusions are correct—but this we cannot honestly do. As a specimen of her style we extract from her pages the following:

"For woman, alas! there is no higher law than the will of man. Herein behold the bloated conceit of the Petruchios of the law, who seem to say:

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is my own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.

"How could man ever look thus on woman? she at whose feet Socrates learned wisdom—she who gave the world a Saviour, witnessed alike the adoration of the Magi and the agonies of the cross."

"DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS."—They constitute an important department in the city dailies. THE REVOLUTION office, Twenty-third street, was greeted last Monday morning, severe as was the storm, with most agreeable calls from Mrs. Lucretia Mott and acting Gov. Lee of Wyoming. The meeting was quite unexpected, and with Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Wilbour added to the party, a most pleasant and profitable hour was enjoyed. Gen. Lee gave excellent and encouraging reports of the conduct of the Wyoming women in their new relations, and is confident there can be no future regrets at the act of justice done to the noblest half of humanity in exalting it to equal citizenship in his flourishing territory. And moreover, he very cheerfully accepted an invitation to attend our May anniversary and tell us all about it.

RUSSIAN VAPOR BATHS—PRICES REDUCED.—The well known establishment, No. 23 and 25 East Fourth street, has just been renovated, painted and put in most tempting and luxurious order every way, and with prices reduced to ten dollars for a package of fifteen tickets, the patronage is rapidly reaching all the enterprising proprietors can desire. The healthy go there to wash and be clean; the diseased, with colds, coughs, rheumatism, neuralgia, to wash and be healed.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

At the regular meeting of the Cincinnati Woman Suffrage Association, held on the 29th of March, the following resolutions were adopted and forwarded to the Conference:

Whereas, There has arisen a spirit of discord among the friends of Woman Suffrage, which has already produced opposing factions threatening materially to injure and retard the success of the cause;

Therefore, Resolved, That the Woman's Suffrage Association of Cincinnati hail with pleasure any and every movement to unite all in systematic effort, to secure to woman the ballot and every other political right equally with man.

Resolved, That the good of the cause should outweigh every other consideration, and as harmony in our ranks is absolutely essential, there should be but one National Association.

Resolved, That this Association deeply deplored the movement whereby the American Woman Suffrage Association was formed;—believing that if the National Woman's Suffrage Association was deficient in any particular, the good of the cause required it to be remodeled and improved, and not a rival one formed; although we do not impugn the motives of those who organized the Association at Cleveland.

Resolved, That our Association heartily endorses the movement for a Conference to be held as set forth in the Circular on the 6th of April, 1870, and trust it will be able to reconcile all divisions, and recommend a plan of union satisfactory to all.

ANNE L. RYDER,
LIZZIE R. BRANSON,
JOSEPH B. QUIMBY, } Com.

Signed,
JOSEPH B. QUIMBY, Cor. Sec'y Cin. W. S. A.

The above are only given as specimen of the almost myriad voices that have come swelling up from North, South and East, as well as West!—*Ed. Rev.*

WIDOWS OF HUSBANDS, DEAD AND LIVING.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced into the Kansas legislature, instructing the judiciary committee to "report a bill giving to widows of deceased husbands the exclusive control of all property, both real and personal, and empowering them to pay all legal claims against the estates of said deceased persons, and to collect all moneys due such estates."

In view of this measure, Mrs. Nichols asks, in the Kansas Commonwealth, if there is not in the legislature another man in the House, who will introduce a resolution for a bill in behalf of the same co-widows of living husbands, securing to them at least pin money from the proceeds of the estates which legally absorb their entire earnings and savings? Under the present laws, she says, the wife has no legal claims to a pennyworth of principal or use in the estate accumulated by the joint savings and earnings of herself and husband, during his life. Only his death gives her an indefeasible right to a portion of such estate. (Men must have great confidence in the forbearing love of women to sleep of nights with such a premium attached to their decease!) Mrs. Nichols adds that it has become fashionable for public benefactors to give of their substance, distributing portions of their estates during their lifetime, instead of leaving it, as formerly, by will. It would be a happy next step for the male heads of families to divide with the female heads, and thus enjoy in life a luxury which the bachelor Peabody could not—the restful content of a well endowed partner in the home department. The small gain in pin-money would no longer abate from the sense of loss at decease of a husband, kind in the old pauper way.

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association will hold its regular annual meeting in COOPER INSTITUTE New York, on Tuesday the 10th of May, next beginning at ten o'clock a.m., and continuing, probably, through Wednesday and Thursday.

The various Woman Suffrage Associations throughout this country, and the Old World, are invited to send delegates to this Convention prepared to report the progress of our movement in their respective localities. And, in order that this annual meeting may be the expression of the whole people, we further ask every friend of Woman Suffrage to consider himself or herself personally invited to attend and take part in its discussions.

With the political rights of woman secured in the Territories of Utah and Wyoming—with the agitation of the question in the various State Legislatures, with the proposition to strike the word "male" from the state constitution of Vermont—with New York, New England and the great West well organized, we are confident that our leading political parties will soon see that their own interest and the highest interests of the country require them to recognize our claim.

The Executive Committee recommend the friends of Woman's Suffrage, everywhere, to concentrate their efforts upon the work of securing a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution that shall prohibit any state from disfranchising any of its citizens on account of sex. Therefore, we ask the delegates and friends to come to this May Anniversary with practical suggestions as to how this work shall be done.

The following are among the speakers already secured for the occasion: Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Rev. Olympia Brown, Ct.; E. H. Heywood and Jennie Collins, Mass.; M. Adele Hazlitt, Mich.; Mrs. Frances Minor and Phoebe Cozzens, Mo.; Hon. Henry B. Stanton; Judge Barlow, Cannestota; Josephine S. Griffing, Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford, Lizzie M. Boynton, Maud D. Molson, Susan B. Anthony, Gen. E. M. Lee, Act. Gov. Wyoming; Hon. A. G. Riddle, Washington; Hon. Jas. W. Stillman, Rhode Island; Col. R. G. Igersoll, Illinois; and Hon. J. M. Scobell, New Jersey. The names of other distinguished speakers will be announced as fast as their answers are received.

Communications and contributions for this meeting should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.
CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Cor. Sec'y,
151 East 51st street, New York.
ERNESTINE L. ROSE, Chw'n Ex. Com.

FREE BATHING ESTABLISHMENTS.—For two or three years New York has been invited and entreated to provide free, public bathing establishments for its swarming population, old and young. Boston has not only set a noble example in regard to them, but has demonstrated their value and importance in such way as to leave no doubt that any city of its size and situation, wrongs itself and its people, particularly its poor, if it does not provide them on the most liberal scale. Next Monday evening week, the 25th inst., there is to be a public meeting on the subject at the Church, 240 West 50th street, commencing at seven o'clock.

THE NEW YORK COUNTY WOMAN'S
SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE informal meeting of this Association was held on Friday last at Mrs. Halleck's. Among the persons present were several strangers including a professor and students of Vassar College. Mrs. Dr. Codrys, of Michigan, read an address upon "The incentives to larger culture the possession of the elective franchise would give to woman." This lady has one of the sweetest and best modulated voices I have ever heard. Previous to reading her address, the doctor informed us that she had never before attended a Woman's Suffrage meeting, and had never heard a lecture upon the subject, but she had always been in favor of educating the sexes alike; and when she decided to study medicine had sought such colleges as admitted both male and female students. She had been at two colleges with male students, and could testify to the pleasing fact that she had never seen in either college any disrespect shown to lady students by the gentlemen. This was largely owing she thought to the judicious management of the professors of each college.

The president read an article from the pen of Mr. Ware, in which he accuses women of uncharitableness, selfishness, idleness, *rapidity*, a vain desire to be admired, in fact, being as a class wholly deficient in all the qualities hitherto supposed to constitute the essential basis of female character. This article called out an able, earnest defence of women from Mrs. Leggett, and very many excellent and pertinent remarks from nearly all the persons present.

The transaction of important private business occupied the remainder of the afternoon, and at five o'clock the meeting adjourned to meet at the same place on Friday of this week.

ANNA DICKINSON AT HOME.

ANNA DICKINSON's hearers last evening, April 7th, well-nigh endangered the architectural strength of our Grand Academy. Seven years ago I heard her on the same platform; her friends then filled the house, they have been augmenting notwithstanding her varied topics, ever since. Last night the culimnary-throng packed the immense space, auditorium, stage and orchestra, leaving the speaker but three feet square for oratorical gesture, and compelling the musicians to retire. Premiums were offered on tickets; and a host of folks remained at home to await her next appearance. She plowed to the core of her subject, throwing corrupt soil at everybody's door, then, with the harrow of justice and expediency she levelled the national inequalities. With tears she pleaded with the men and women of our land to sow clean seed that the harvest may bear God's best fruit. Altogether she was logical and heart-earnest, and for one I feel happier, with renewed strength, for having heard her. Yours, M. H.

Philadelphia, April 8th.

Miss Dickinson gave the same lecture in Steinway Hall in this city on Tuesday evening of last week, and every word of the above commendation would apply perfectly here. So many claims on our columns to-day prevent the more extended notice we had prepared to give, and which was most richly earned.—Ed. Rev.

MRS. STANTON IN CHICAGO.—On the Sunday before last, Mrs. Stanton occupied the pulpit of Rev. Robert Colyer. The spacious church was crowded in every part, and it was estimated

that at least a thousand people came more than found any entrance possible.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible for their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

SPECIE NOT A NECESSITY.

THE theorists and writers upon finance all take for granted that the experience of the world should be conclusive upon this question, and with these promises base their conclusions accordingly. This is specious, but when we look into it a moment we will at once discover its utter fallacy.

A century since, our forefathers discovered that the political theories of the Old World were fallacies. They boldly repudiated them and inaugurated a new era in opposition to the divine right of kings and other specious heresies that mankind had been so long taught as true that no one questioned them. It is now high time that their financial dogmas were trampled under foot and shown to be no better than their other idols.

Our gigantic rebellion (compared to whose colossal proportions all other revolutions sink into pigmy quarrels) has taught us some lessons, which, if we wisely heed, will prove a lasting benefit and perhaps more than pay the whole cost of treasure destroyed. Let us consider some of them a moment.

In the first year of the contest, when we were just getting a good readiness to grapple with the monster, specie and its allies dropped from under us. The great American Union would have soon been a thing of the past, and the still greater cause of Human Liberty, of man's capacity for self-government would have been a total failure had there been no more stable foundation than this fickle and dangerous element. The despots of Europe, anxiously hoping and praying for the destruction of our political institutions, which would have been a renewed lease perhaps for thousands of years of their prerogatives, felt confident their hopes were to be speedily realized when they saw us compelled to suspend specie payments, practically sewing up our pockets in so short a time. They expected us soon to stagger and fall as our breath had so soon given out.

The results showed that men were never more mistaken. We possessed the elements of real wealth they never dreamed of. Sinking ships and burning houses would have horrified grave financiers as the best possible basis for securities. But had Secretary Chase been governed by the rules of their logic instead of a fearful necessity, our government would have soon been as worthless as the sinking ships and burning houses. Never was the financial blunder of making the terrible losses of the country (not less than two or three millions daily or by adding that of the south to it, nearly doubling these figures) the foundation of its wealth, a greater success. It not only carried us through the contest triumphantly, but by being maintained, has since caused our country to prosper with unexampled rapidity, outstripping everything in even our own previously glorious career.

Now it is a fact, glaring as the noon-day sun, that this has all been accomplished without the aid of specie, or so little that the mention of it is a solecism. Any other people would have totally failed in crushing such a rebellion, or if

by any means successful, would have come out of it so impoverished as to require years of rest to recover from its exhaustion. We, on the contrary, came out rich and have continued to prosper—in fact conquering and going on to conquer.

These astounding facts should not be forgotten. We should be foolish to ignore them and go on the back track merely to do homage again to the idols of the Old World, for certainly no other reason has been shown why we should do so. No demonstration can be more conclusive than that specie is not adapted to the interests, prosperity or greatness of the American nation, and whether we look at the momentous consequences involved, the fearful ordeal undergone or the glorious results attained, our wonder is unbounded. This generation should never cease contemplating them.

I propose in my next number to consider the nature and character of coin as a civilizer in the light of our recent experience, and to determine its real value to mankind politically and socially.

GEORGE B. SMITH.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing machine for more than ten years steady, dressmaking, from ten to fourteen hours a day. For the last nineteen months I have used the same needle, and am still using it. My machine is in as good working order to day as when I first got it.

New York.

MARTHA CAVAN.

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The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers.

Mr. WM. H. HEERDON, of SPRINGFIELD, ILL., for 20 years the law partner and intimate friend of PRESIDENT LINCOLN, contributes to THE INDEX for April 2, an exceedingly interesting and valuable article, giving a full account of MR. LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS—to be followed by another, explaining his PHILOSOPHY, as connected with his religion.

The attention of NEWS DEALERS is called to this announcement. 117-119

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